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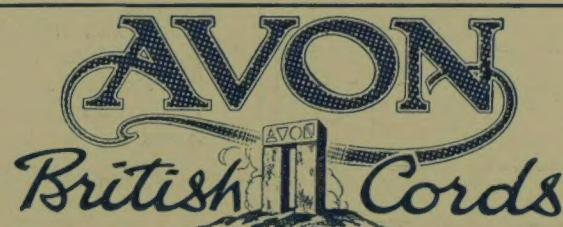
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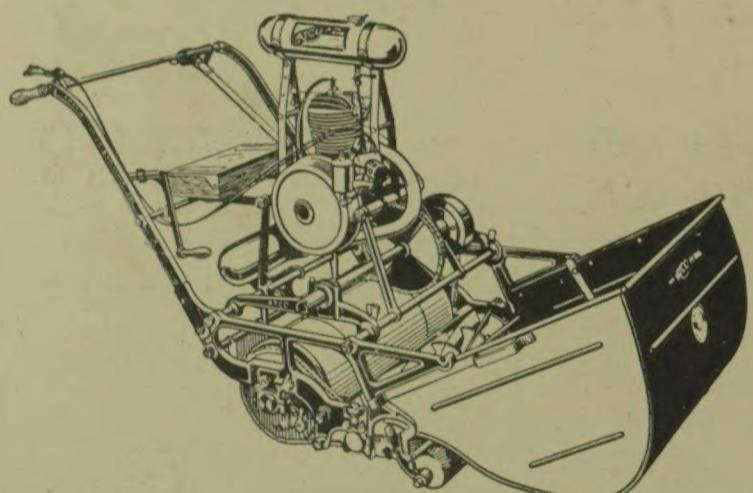
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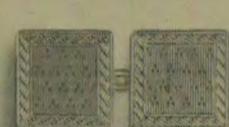
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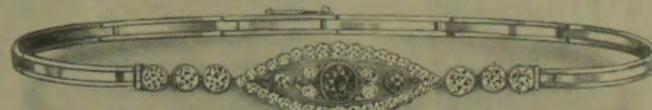


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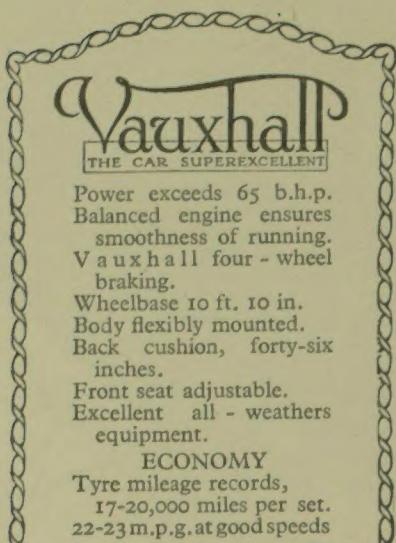
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with the balanced engine and the simplest  
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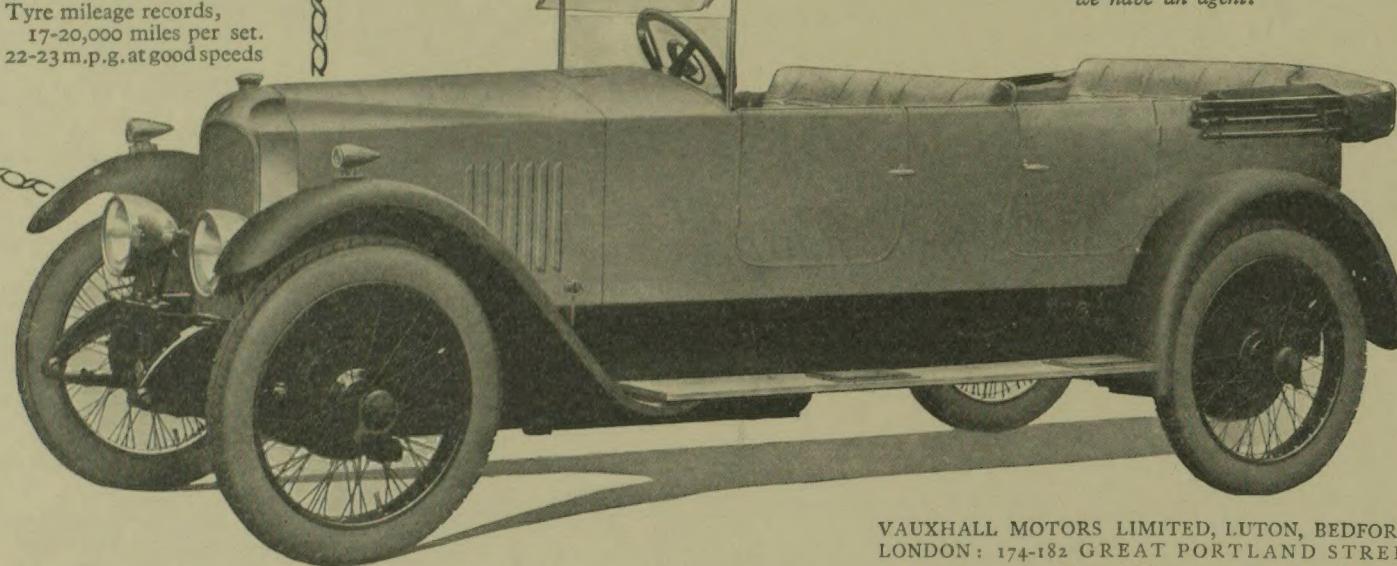
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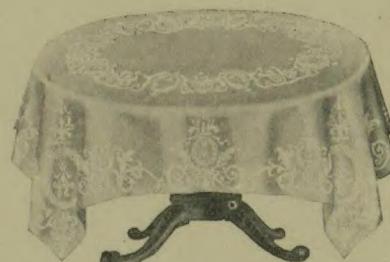
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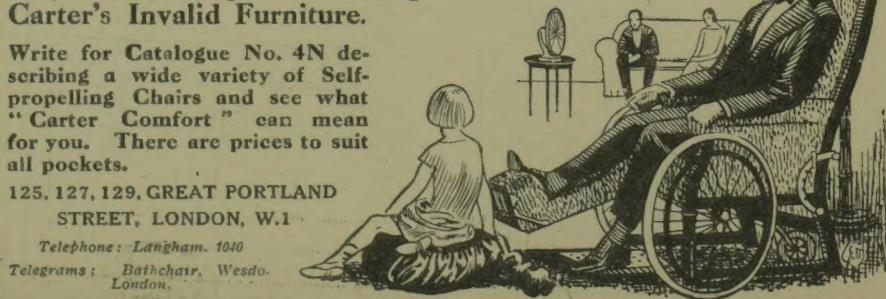
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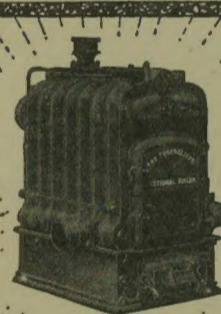
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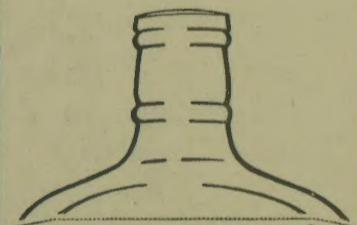
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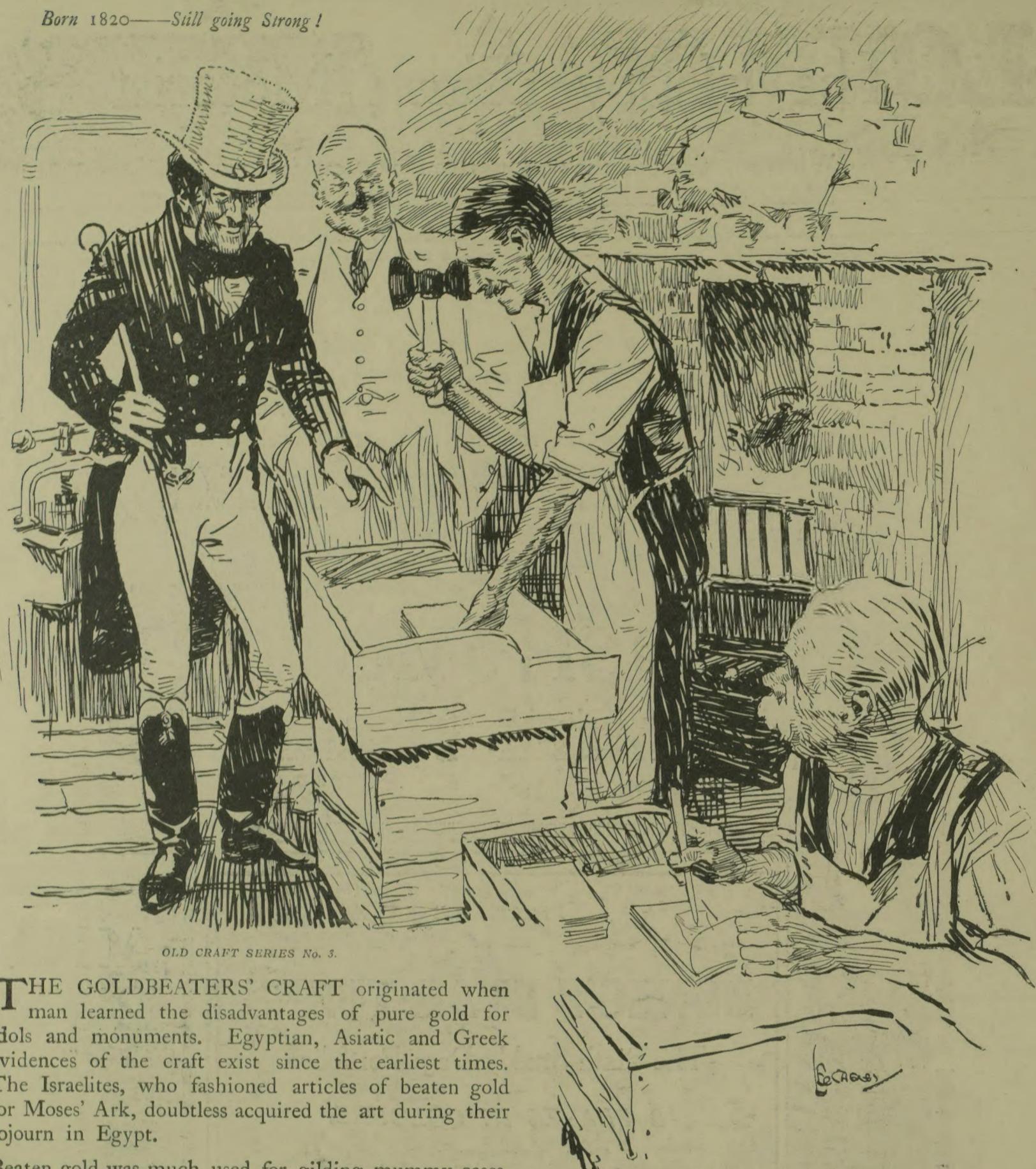
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The modern method probably differs but little from the ancient process.

**Pride of Production is the Stimulus of True Craftsmanship  
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1925.

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THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC: THE LATE FRIEDRICH EBERT.

The death of President Ebert, on February 28, was a severe loss not only to Germany but to Europe in general, for he had guided his country with tact, firmness, and moderation through a most difficult period, and steadily resisted Bolshevik tendencies as against constitutional government. He was born of humble parents in Heidelberg in 1871, and began his career as a saddler. Later he became editor of a Socialist paper. In 1912 he was first elected to the Reichstag, and in the following year became

President of the Socialist Party. During the war, in which he lost a son, he supported the Government, and favoured peace by negotiation. After the *débâcle* and the proclamation of the Republic, he was asked by Prince Max of Baden to form a Government, and succeeded him as Chancellor. He presided over the National Assembly at Weimar, and early in 1919 he was elected the first President of the German Republic. His term of office would have expired next June.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE all know the man who appears suddenly at debates and demands definitions. Perhaps there is only one of him, and he travels from one debating club to another. As a matter of fact, he himself is often very vague about the definition of a definition. On the one hand, he will ask for a definition of existence or of happiness, not realising that nobody can reduce an ultimate to more ultimate ultimates. On the other hand, he will ask for a definition of slang or vulgarity, not realising that such terms were never meant to be defined. A great deal of time is wasted in trying to define indefinite phrases. It is worth while to define a square, because those defining it mean to deal with it strictly. But it is the idlest of amusements to define a snob, because even those who invented the term were not prepared to define it.

Subject to this consideration, I have often considered the common definition, or at least the common sense, of words like bigot and fanatic. The homeless intellectualism of an unhappy age often uses the terms for anybody who is sure that he is right and other people are wrong. Every sane man ought to be sure he is right; and, if he is right, then those who contradict him are wrong. I have always found it best to understand by the word "bigot" a man who cannot imagine how other men can go wrong, granted that they do go wrong. If I say I am quite sure a man is wrong to be a Christian Scientist, I am simply a believer—a believer in my own beliefs. But if I say I cannot conceive how a man can become a Christian Scientist, I am a bigot. I am, in that particular and personal case, a liar. I can quite easily imagine a man falling into the error called Christian Science. It comes of the two very natural modern moods—of being sick of science and of never having heard of Christianity. And if I say the Christian Scientist must be a quack looking for fees, or even a lunatic drugging himself with fictions, then I am a bigot. The bigot is not the man who thinks his opponent mistaken. The bigot is the man who will *not* think him mistaken.

When we come to the word fanatic, we find a useful definition more difficult. As used, it is a mere term of abuse; and, as the lawyers say, of vulgar abuse. A fanatic is merely the hostile name for a martyr, as a martyr is the friendly name for a fanatic. Tentatively, I suggest that a fanatic means a man whose faith in something he thinks true makes him forget his general love of truth; and sometimes even makes him forget the truth of that truth. But I find it much easier in this case to proceed by example than by definition. I will therefore respectfully present to the reader a few passages from the works of Mr. Ed. H. Packard, of the *Cambridge Tribune*—the Cambridge in Massachusetts, not the Cambridge in Cambridgeshire. He represents a movement which he calls the Christian Humanitarian movement; and, as he would express it, he is a live wire who makes it move with considerable zip, not a little pep, a certain element of vim, and the appropriate amount of sand. He is one of my favourite writers, because he writes in a style that I have never seen anywhere in the world before, though it may be more common in his native land. On the other hand, it may be almost as much differentiated from American as from English. Now in this case the fanatic has an aim with which we should all agree, an aim with which I certainly should warmly agree—the idea of teaching children to treat animals properly. He wishes to effect this by means of some dramatic representation; and here again I have no particular quarrel with him, having none of the objection felt by his New England ancestors or prototypes to dramatic representations. Ed (if I may use the affectionate abbreviation, almost at his own request) sets forth his purpose as follows: "Get an

actor to play the Clown. Clown, after tumbling about in the ring among wild beasts that he has won over through kindness, takes children to his arms in the dressing-tent and opens up a book—all about the great kindness principles he got his ideas from."

There are turns of style even in this harmless introduction that leave me a little doubtful. Is the clown to put in ten minutes, before the show begins, in winning over a number of shy tigers or timid and embarrassed rattlesnakes? Or has the actor gone through life followed everywhere by this adoring menagerie? Why does the clown "open up" a book, when lesser men are commonly content to open a book? It suggests to me a violent gesture ripping up and rending off the binding—perhaps symbolic of

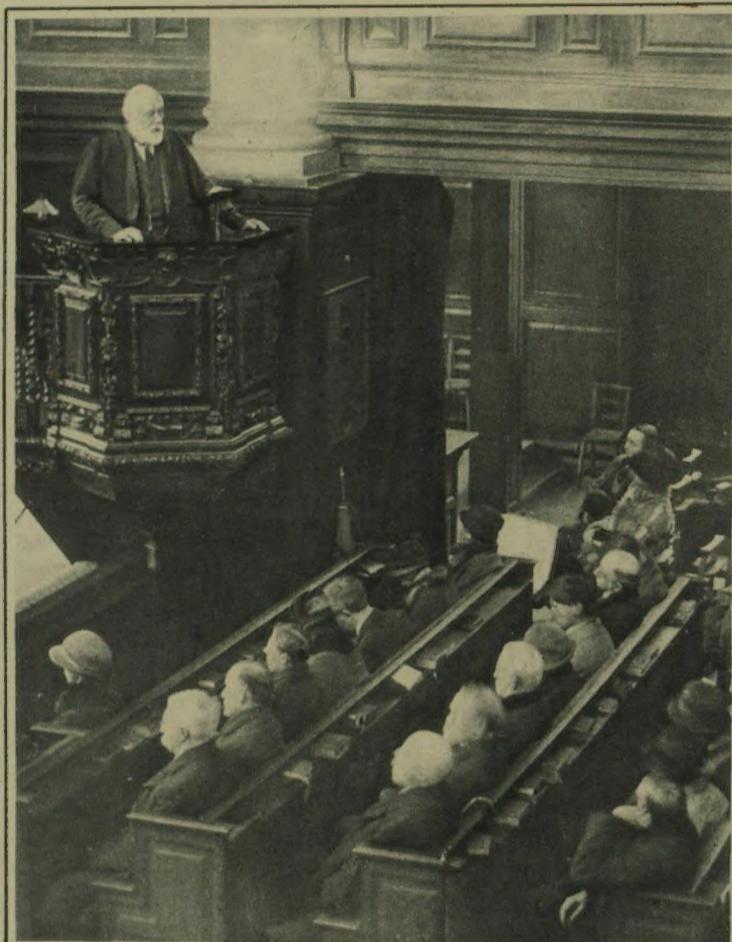
Certainly this is the jolliest clown that ever kept a roomful of children in peals of happy laughter by saying "Here we are again!" Whenever children show a little lassitude and depression, and we feel they need a more hilarious Merry Christmas, we can remember the clown who is already waiting to lead them through a *Dante Inferno* of cruelty to man, child, beast, and nation. Mr. Ed Packard tells us that there are "over four million children alone in the ranks" of his movement, whatever it is, and that this constitutes "a panorama of the apotheosis of human advance." Are we to understand that four million American children really enjoy a hearty laugh or a happy holiday in the *Inferno* of man's cruelty? I have a difficulty in believing this; but, if it is true, critics may cease to wonder why some American children are so different from all other children.

"Our clown visualises the great agencies at work making for the progress and development of this kindness principle—destined to throw down wars, cruelty, selfishness, and brutalism—and transform society into a co-operative, considerate, kind, and merciful commonwealth. . . . My proposition is to draw away from that and create constructive pictorial character-building entertainments for schools, churches, clubs, and theatres. The American people and civilisation have never yet been challenged with a set of Christian-Humanitarian principles in motion pictures."

It is very interesting, to any student of America, to note that he goes on to make a reference to Jews which would be considered horribly benighted and mediaeval if uttered by a man of my opinions, but which doubtless may be tolerated and even admired in a Christian Humanitarian pledged to treat everybody with tenderness and pity. But, putting aside these more positive though equally serious ideals, it is clear that Mr. Packard's primary impulse is the highly creditable one of discouraging cruelty to animals.

Only, in order to discourage cruelty to animals, he has to encourage cruelty to children. If he were to frighten a child in the middle of the night with the ghostly skeleton of a pit pony, everybody would agree that it was cruelty to children. If he were an illiterate nursemaid found telling a child about the tortures she had seen depicted in some *Inferno* or *Seven Stages of Cruelty*, everybody would rebuke such a nursemaid for encouraging such a nightmare. But because he is doing it with the sincere motive of preventing certain forms of inhumanity, he does not even notice that what he is doing is itself inhuman. He plunges with breathless precipitancy from the nursery to the pit of a theatre; from the pit of a theatre to the bottom of a coal-mine; from the bottom of a coal-mine to the lowest abyss of the *Inferno*. He has really forgotten by this time that he has a whole troop of children following him everywhere, like the Pied Piper. He is really far more callous and careless about his pet infants than anybody is about pit ponies. He has set out to prevent cruelty, and he really returns to practise it.

That is what is really meant by a fanatic, in the only sense in which the term is not a compliment. He may fairly be described as a man whose sense of a particular truth is too strong for his sense of the universal truth, even in so far as the larger truth supports the smaller. He will invoke even cruelty to prevent cruelty to animals. Later on he may invoke even cruelty to animals to prevent cruelty to pit ponies. It is not merely that he has kept one thing and lost a thousand things; it is that he has lost the basis even of the one thing. For a man cannot long remain right without a reason.



A SCIENTIST IN THE PULPIT: SIR OLIVER LODGE DELIVERING A LENTEN LECTURE ON REALITY AT CHRIST CHURCH, GREYFRIARS, IN THE CITY.

Sir Oliver Lodge gave the first of three Lenten lectures on Reality, at Christ Church, Greyfriars, on the afternoon of February 16. The subject of this first address was "The Reality of the Super-sensuous." He said that he was convinced mankind were helped and guided by infinitely higher beings, and that we ourselves were beings with an infinite destiny. Matter was itself a revelation—the planets of the infinitely big; the atom of the infinitely little. The doctrines taught by religion were being confirmed, not in every detail, but in their fullness, greatness, and majesty, by scientific exploration. We learn about the universe through our senses. But the real interpretation and understanding of it is in our mind, and in the super-sensuous, where lies reality.

Photograph by C.N.

the free spirit that nothing can bind. But most of us prefer to "win over" our books, as well as our beasts, with a little more kindness.

"Clown carries the little ones," proceeds Mr. Packard, "back to the inception of the humane movement, when Jeremy Bentham dramatically rose in the House of Commons and demanded that this altruistic Magna Charta be incorporated into human society. He takes the little ones down into the coal-pits of England where the abused ponies are; he visualises other forms of cruelty, both to man, child, beast, and nation—a panoramic *Dante Inferno* of civilisation's cruelty, greed, vanity, and selfishness."

## OUR ANAGLYPHS.

Readers who have not yet obtained one of the special masks for viewing our Anaglyphs in stereoscopic relief may do so by filling up the coupon on page 371, and forwarding it with postage stamps value three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign), addressed to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, London, W.C.2.

## AN OCCASION OF ALLIED SYMPATHY: THE GERMAN PRESIDENT'S DEATH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, WOLTER, AND FRANKL.



OUTSIDE THE WEST SANATORIUM, CHARLOTTENBURG, WHERE PRESIDENT EBERT DIED AFTER AN OPERATION FOR APPENDICITIS: PLACING THE COFFIN IN THE HEARSE FOR REMOVAL TO THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN THE WILHELMSTRASSE, BERLIN—SHOWING MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF AS PALL-BEARERS, AND A GUARD OF N.C.O.'S OF THE REICHSWEHR.



WHERE THE BODY OF PRESIDENT EBERT LAY IN STATE IN HIS STUDY UNTIL THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL: THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN THE WILHELM-STRASSE, WATCHED BY A SILENT CROWD.



MIDNIGHT DEMONSTRATIONS OF SYMPATHY IN BERLIN AFTER THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT EBERT: AN ASSEMBLAGE OF YOUNG GERMANS WITH REPUBLICAN FLAGS OF BLACK, RED, AND GOLD.

After the death of President Ebert (a portrait of whom appears on our front page, with some details of his career), the British and French Ambassadors, and other foreign representatives, called at the Presidential Palace in the Wilhelmstrasse to express condolences. The British Ambassador also conveyed a message of sympathy from the King to the late President's family, and the British Government sent a message to the German Government. In Berlin a period of eight days' mourning was ordered, the Bourse was closed, and all public entertainments were cancelled. The coffin was conveyed from the Sanatorium to the Wilhelmstrasse in the early hours

of March 1 (the day after the President's death) and was placed in his study in the Palace to lie in state until the funeral ceremony in Berlin on Wednesday, March 4. The arrangements for the State funeral included the delivery of an oration by the Chancellor, Herr Luther, in the Hall of the Palace, and a great procession and demonstration outside the Reichstag. The actual burial was arranged to take place on the following day, according to the late President's wish, at Heidelberg, his native city, in a grave near that of his parents. Demonstrations were arranged at every important railway station on the journey from Berlin.

## THE "MASTER OF THE REVELS" AT NICE: KING

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



WITH HIS COURT OF GAY REVELLERS, AND A "KISS-IN-THE-RING" EPISODE: KING CARNIVAL XLVII. ENTHRONED BACK-TO-BACK WITH HIS CONSORT.

King Carnival XLVII. entered Nice on February 12, and held sway for a fortnight. It was a short reign, but a merry one. The "capital" of the Riviera was adorned with flower-decked poles, arches, and standards along the avenues, while revelry was the order of every day during his rule. The first Battle of Flowers was fought on the Promenade des Anglais on February 20, in glorious weather, and the second on the 26th. Among notable decorated cars was that of the Spanish dancers, Los Chelenos. Finally, his Majesty came to his usual fiery end to the tune of bursting fireworks, the music of the

## CARNIVAL—BEFORE AND AFTER HIS FIERY FATE.

ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER.



THE GRAND FINALE OF THE PRE-LENTEN FESTIVITIES AT NICE: THE PUBLIC BURNING OF KING CARNIVAL, FIREWORKS AND ILLUMINATIONS.

band, and the excited cries of his subjects. In a note on his drawings, Mr. Spurrier says: "The last procession takes place through certain parts of the town in the afternoon. Again, it is a general holiday, for the last time before Mi-Carême. It is the time to put cares of business on one side, to don the domino and mask, to purchase the hood and confetti, to dance, and finally, after dinner, to go and see the last of King Carnival. He is publicly burnt on the Promenade des Etats-Unis amid fireworks and the glittering of lights from the illuminated boats on the Mediterranean."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROL, C.N., P. AND A., PHOTOPRESS, ELLIOTT AND FRY, TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, AND FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.



THE PERSIAN PREMIER APPOINTED (IN THE ABSENCE OF THE SHAH) SUPREME CHIEF OF THE FORCES: RHIZA KHAN (LEFT), THE SARDAH SIPAR.



A BANISHED FRENCH STATESMAN BACK IN PUBLIC LIFE: M. JOSEPH CAILLAUX.



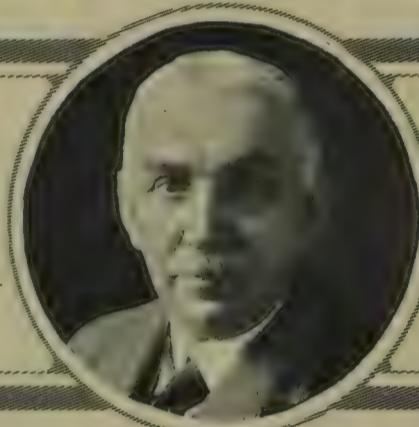
A GREAT SWEDISH LEADER: THE LATE M. HJALMAR BRANTING, THRICE PREMIER.



THE NEW MEMBER FOR WALSALL: MR. W. PRESTON, M.P.



THE NEW AGENT-GENERAL FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA: MR. F. A. PAULINE.



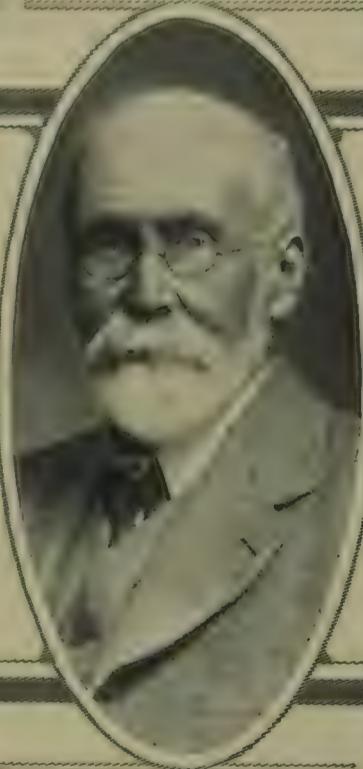
NEW PRESIDENT, NEWFOUNDLAND LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL: SIR P. MCGRATH.



CHAIRMAN OF THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: THE LATE COLONEL LESLIE POWELL.



A DIRECTOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND: THE LATE SIR EVERARD HAMBRO.



COCOA MAGNATE AND SOCIAL REFORMER: THE LATE MR. JOSEPH ROWNTREE.



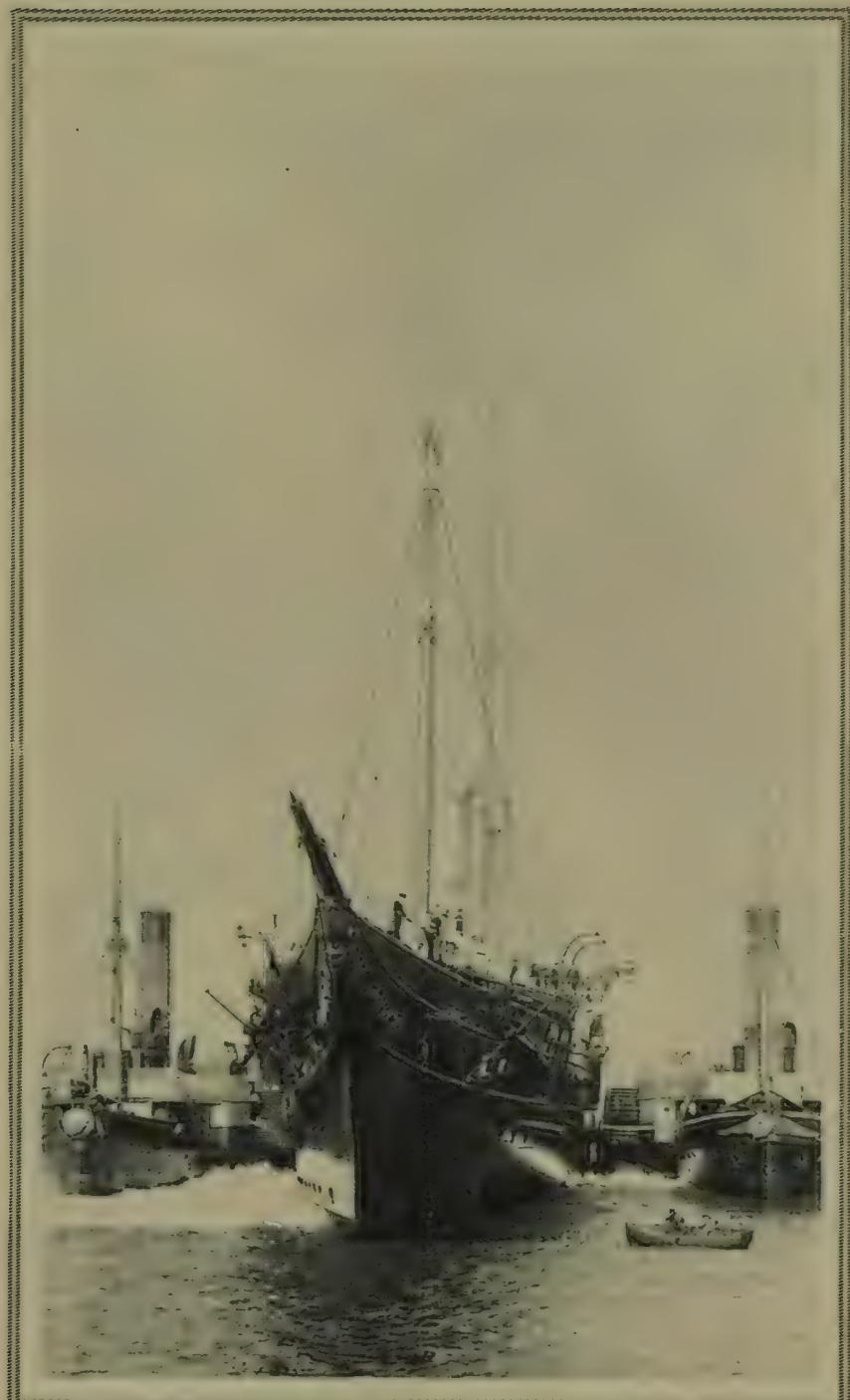
THE PRINCE OF WALES (RIGHT) IN A BOXING RING: PRESENTING PRIZES AT THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF THE 47TH (2ND LONDON) TERRITORIAL DIVISION.

In the absence of the Shah, who has been away from Persia since November 1923, Rhiza Khan, the Sardah Sipar (Prime Minister), was recently appointed by the Majlis (Parliament) as Commander-in-Chief with full powers within the law and responsible only to the Majlis.—M. Caillaux, ex-Premier and Minister of Finance, who had been banished from public life for communicating with the enemy during the war, has returned to politics under the recent amnesty. To mark the occasion he was entertained at a banquet in Paris attended by 2500 guests.—M. Branting was the only Socialist who has ever been Premier of Sweden. He took office in 1920, 1921, and again last September, but in January he had to resign through illness.—In the recent by-election at Walsall Mr. W. Preston, the Unionist candidate, was re-elected.—Mr. Frederick Arthur Pauline recently arrived in London

to take up his duties as Agent-General for British Columbia.—Sir Patrick McGrath has had a distinguished career in Newfoundland, and represented it at the Imperial Economic Conferences in 1923.—Colonel Leslie Powell, an ex-Master of the Coachmakers' Company, was on the Surrey County Council for fifteen years. During the war he raised and commanded an East Surrey battalion.—Sir Everard Hambro was head of the great merchant banking house of Hambros founded in Copenhagen in 1780 and transferred to London in 1839.—Mr. Joseph Rowntree, who was eighty-eight, was head of the famous York cocoa firm. He was deeply interested in welfare work, and founded a garden village.—The Prince of Wales attended the Boxing Championships of the 47th (2nd London) Territorial Division, in Westminster, and afterwards presented the prizes and medals.

## PREPARING FOR THE KING'S CONVALESCENT CRUISE: THE ROYAL YACHT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, AND C.N.



FITTED UP AND REPAINTED READY FOR THE KING AND QUEEN: THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" BEING TOWED BY TUGS TO THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY AT PORTSMOUTH.



ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," IN WHICH THE KING AND QUEEN WILL CRUISE: THE STAIRCASE TO THE ROYAL APARTMENTS.



SOON TO BE OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN, WHO IS TO ACCOMPANY THE KING ON HIS CRUISE: HER MAJESTY'S SLEEPING-CABIN ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.



WHERE THE KING WILL SLEEP DURING HIS CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: HIS MAJESTY'S BED-ROOM IN THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT."



WHERE HIS MAJESTY WILL TRANSACT ANY STATE BUSINESS DURING HIS CRUISE: THE KING'S WRITING-ROOM AND LIBRARY ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT.

The royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" has been refitted and repainted in preparation for the cruise which the King is shortly to take in southern waters, on medical advice, in order to recuperate from his attack of bronchitis that supervened on influenza. Recent reports of his Majesty's progress were very satisfactory. On March 3 it was stated that he was daily improving, and had been allowed to get up. It was expected that he would be able to start for the Mediterranean during the next fortnight. Their Majesties arranged to join the yacht on the Riviera, instead of embarking at Portsmouth. Our first photograph shows the "Victoria and Albert" being towed from No. 3 Basin at Ports-

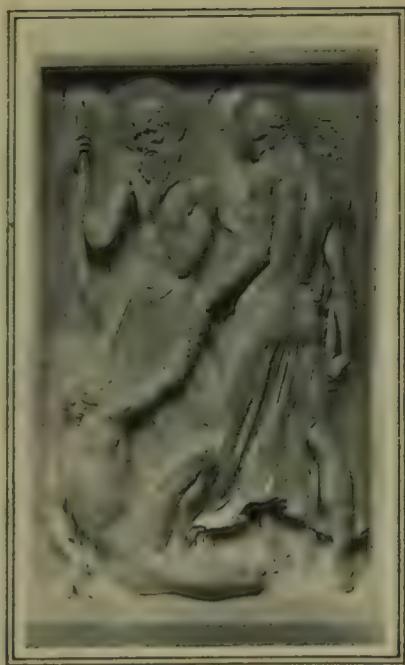
mouth to the South Railway Jetty, to remain there until required. Rear-Admiral H. T. Buller, in command of H.M. Yachts, was recalled from Switzerland for duty. During his absence on leave, the "Victoria and Albert" was in charge of Commander H. A. Forster, who made arrangements for the cruise, including the date of departure and the port at which the yacht will await their Majesties. Owing to promotions, there have recently been several changes in the staff of the yacht. The new navigator is Commander E. R. Corson; and another new officer is Lieut.-Commander L. H. K. Hamilton. Lieut.-Commander A. W. S. Agar, V.C., becomes first instead of second officer of that rank on board.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS  
OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

1. ON A SHRIMP PASTE POT LID SOLD FOR £21: A COLOUR-PORTAIT OF THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."



2. THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT ROME AWARDS: A PANEL FOR THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO A HOSPITAL, BY MISS PAMELA HARRIS, A FINALIST IN THE SCULPTURE COMPETITION.



3. THE WINNING WORK IN THE SCULPTURE COMPETITION: A PANEL FOR A HOSPITAL ENTRANCE, BY J. R. SKEAPING.



4. AT THE BURIAL OF MR. FLOYD COLLINS, THE KENTUCKY CAVE EXPLORER, IN THE CAVERN WHERE HE WAS ENTRAPPED AND DIED: THE FUNERAL SERVICE OUTSIDE, WITH A METHODIST PASTOR (DR. C. K. DICKEY) PREACHING.



5. PICTURESQUE SHROVE TUESDAY CELEBRATIONS IN BELGIUM: A PROCESSION OF GILLES (CARNIVAL CLOWNS), AT BINCHE, IN WONDERFUL HEAD-DRESSES OF OSTRICH PLUMES AND DECORATIVE COSTUMES WITH BELTS OF COPPER BELLS.



6. WEST HAM'S MUCH-CRITICISED CELEBRATION OF ITS TRAMWAYS' COMING-OF-AGE: A GLORIFIED CAR ON A TRIUMPHAL TOUR.

A remarkable collection of colour-printed lids of old Staffordshire pots for shrimp paste and pomade, the property of Mr. W. Nicholas, of Clacton, was sold recently by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson. Some of the lids, formerly worth only about a shilling, fetched considerable sums. The highest price paid was £21 for a specimen bearing a portrait of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—The British School at Rome has arranged to hold its eighth annual exhibition of works submitted for the Rome scholarships, at the Royal Academy, from March 6 to 14. There were four finalists in both the painting and the sculpture competitions.—The body of Mr. Floyd Collins, the American cave explorer who was entrapped by falling rock in a Kentucky cavern, and lived



7. SHOWING ONE OF THE NEW STEEL HOUSES (CENTRE, THIRD FROM LEFT) DESIGNED TO MEET THE BUILDING SHORTAGE: PART OF THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

many days while desperate efforts were made to rescue him, has been sealed within the cave where he died.—The picturesque Shrove Tuesday carnival at Binche, in the province of Hainault, is said to date from 1540.—West Ham Council recently celebrated the coming-of-age of the municipal tramways by festivities and a decorated car in which the Mayor and Councillors toured the system. Critics have asked whether the expense (said to have been £10,000) was justified in view of an alleged loss of £58,000 on the tramways last year, and a proposal to borrow £43,500 for track reconstruction.—The "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia was opened, on March 2, by Princess Marie Louise. Among the exhibits is a steel house.

## A UNIQUE ITALIAN BUILDING UNSTABLE: PISA'S LEANING TOWER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. O. HOPPÉ.



S. O. HOPPÉ

RECENTLY EXAMINED AND SAID TO HAVE SLIGHTLY INCREASED IN INCLINATION DURING THE LAST CENTURY:  
THE CELEBRATED LEANING TOWER OF PISA AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Some alarm was caused recently by reports as to the condition of the famous Campanile at Pisa, known as the Leaning Tower, and a commission of experts was appointed to examine it. In their report, which has just been published, they state that the tower at the top is 4.219 metres (about 14 ft.) out of the perpendicular, and that the tilting, which is increasing gradually at a uniform but hardly perceptible rate, is due to the condition of the subsoil. They assert that there is no immediate danger of collapse, but that the tower requires constant attention. About a century ago excavations were made

at the base for inspecting the foundations, and in consequence water rose in the cavity and formed a well round the tower. The commission has advised that this water, which facilitates the sinking of the base, should be drained away. The tower, which is nearly 180 ft. high and built entirely of marble, was begun in 1174 and finished in 1350. It was formerly believed that the leaning was intentional. Galileo (1564-1642) availed himself of it to make experiments in the study of gravitation. The marble cathedral was built during the years 1063 to 1118.

## "THE PORT OF MISSING SHIPS": THE SARGASSO SEA.

By WILLIAM BEEBE, Author of "Galapagos: World's End," etc.

A SHIP called the *Arcturus* is sailing on a voyage which will be a multiplication of a dozen romances. She will sail to the Port of Missing Ships, to the region where the lost Atlantis lies, to that portion of the sea where the sea-serpent is reported to be found; and all this she does in the name of sober Science. Instead of trying to avoid the Sargasso Sea, dreaded spot of perilous marine quicksands, she will try to become entangled in its legendary web of vegetation; and if that creature the giant octopus, whose undoubted existence is probably the foundation for many sea-serpent tales, should coil his gigantic tentacles over the bulwarks in preparation for boarding, the genuine cordiality of his reception would surprise him.

The first area which I propose to study is the Sargasso Sea, famed in romantic legend. The canny Phoenicians were perhaps the first tellers of the tale, for they frightened off prospective competitors in foreign commerce by dire stories of what awaited any foolhardy voyager beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The Atlantic, they said, was a place of dreadful darkness, a muddy and a shallow sea, where great morasses of strange growth waited to twine its slimy tendrils about any ship that ventured there and hold it helpless prisoner for ever. The recent discovery of a large store of Phoenician coins on one of the Azores makes it seem quite certain that those daring navigators from African shores actually saw the Sargasso Sea and embroidered this foundation of fact with their own shrewd fancy.

Six weeks after Columbus had sailed from Cadiz on his first epoch-making voyage, his ships began to pass through great patches of weed, "such abundance . . . that the ocean seemed to be covered with them; they came from the west." He took this for a sure sign that they were nearing land; but when they had sailed another week the wind died out and the sea was so calm "that the sailors murmured, saying they had got into smooth water, where it would never blow to carry them back to Spain." It was almost a month after they saw the first weed before they finally sighted the West Indies.

Perhaps it was the experience of Columbus that first gave rise to the legend that the Sargasso Sea was a region of constant calm, for a belief exists even to the present time that here is the graveyard of missing ships, and that all the wrecks and derelicts of the Atlantic eventually drift to this weedy spot, and here, tangled in a mat of vegetation, they slowly eddy round and round in desolate assembly. The truth has been the basis for a thousand fantastic tales, the most picturesque version being that, as the vast field of wreckage is penetrated, the age of the vessels increases until in the very centre are Phoenician galleys still afloat on a voyage which has no end.

The Portuguese called this place Sargao, from the word "sarga," a kind of grape. Thus it might be literally translated as the "Sea of Little Grapes," and, indeed, the floating weed is buoyed up by thousands of tiny gas-filled bladders which look like the fruit of the weed, but are in reality only the device which keeps this nomad of the vegetable world from sinking into the icy depths of the ocean.

Somewhere in this region, too, legendary Atlantis is said to lie. This dream country, the thread of whose legend may be traced through the folklore and priestcraft of a dozen countries, was thought to occupy most of the space where the Atlantic now lies, and there are historians and geologists who are convinced that it once existed, a smiling, happy land that was overtaken by frightful catastrophes, and was overwhelmed by an onrushing sea. This is by some historians supposed to be the origin of the Flood story, which is so curiously and inexplicably universal; and the theory of a submerged continent is somewhat upheld by the soundings of oceanographers, which show that lofty mountain ranges raise their peaks towards the surface of the Atlantic as they may once have raised them towards and above the clouds.

Although I do not expect to find Phoenician galleys nor to dredge up relics of a lost Atlantis, the undoubted fact of the existence of the Sargasso Sea is enough to promise thrills in plenty. Not the sort of thrill that Thomas Janvier injected into his novel, "In the Sargasso Sea,"

for we know now that no ship need fear permanent entanglement there, and that in this Port of Missing Ships we can expect to find nothing more than a few bits of débris such as might be seen on any part of the ocean. It is merely a comparatively quiet spot, the hub of a huge, vaguely defined circle formed by the wheeling of the Gulf Stream from the south-west and the equatorial current from the south-east.

upon by curious passengers to explain the rig of the queer-looking ship that they see in the distance. She is 280 feet over all, with a beam of 46 feet, and is by far the largest vessel ever available for scientific work such as that contemplated, her gross tonnage being almost twice that of the yacht *L'Hirondelle*, on which the Prince of Monaco did such notable oceanographic work for many years.

A large laboratory has been built forward of the bridge deck, containing every facility for the intensive study of captured specimens, and tanks and wells have been installed to keep fish alive, as well as cages for live animals, birds, and reptiles. There is a special dark room for the study of one of the most interesting phases of the life of ocean depths—that is, the luminescence of deep-sea fishes. Many of these creatures, incredibly grotesque in form, carry their own lights furnished by their own bodies, and one of our problems will be to solve the method of production of this luminosity which serves to irradiate the blackness of the medium in which the fish spends its existence. We have, of course, all appliances for dredging and trawling, and carry a dozen small boats, some with glass bottoms, in which to put off from the *Arcturus* in pursuit of specimens.

Projecting from the bow just above the surface of the water is a small platform which resembles nothing so much as a cow-catcher. From this, in reasonably calm weather, it will be possible to net floating organisms and to use the harpoon gun. All around the outside of the vessel's hull is a narrow footway furnished with hand-ropes, from which observations will be made, and from a specially large and lofty crow's-nest a watch will be kept for anything of special interest that might otherwise escape unseen.

The *Arcturus* resembles an old pirate ship, for she is all of wood, with very high bulwarks; and to stand in her hold and look up at the great curved timbers of her frame carries the mind irresistibly to slave-ships and buccaneering days. The last piratical touch is given by the double boom which projects amidships, supporting a gang-plank that ends in mid-air. If Blackbeard came aboard our ship he would see that plank at once and identify it as the kind of

footpath along which he forced so many of his prisoners to take their last walks. But we plan to walk the plank in a diving helmet, which is a vast improvement over the old style, as any captive would admit. From

our boom hangs a platform which can be lowered below water. Seated on this and clad in a helmet, an observer can be let down twenty or thirty feet below the surface in mid-ocean and spy upon the busy life of the aquatic jungle called the Sargasso Sea.

Here the little Sargasso fish climbs about the branches of yellow-brown weed, clinging with fingered fins, and in the masses of vegetation she builds her nest of transparent glass spun from her own body. Here the place of insects in the foliage is taken by millions of tiny crabs and shrimps, some with luminous eyes and glowing spots like jewels on their minute bodies. Barnacles of many queer shapes make up for a sedentary existence by violently kicking their food into their mouths with their feet, and creatures that might be animal or vegetable or both at once ceaselessly wave delicate fronds and tentacles in the soft yellow light that filters down through the floating forest.

After two months in the Sargasso Sea the *Arcturus* will turn toward the Pacific, as we plan to revisit the Galapagos Islands, where two years ago we spent one hundred magic hours of study and exploration. Incidentally this visit will have a piratical flavour, as we expect to find buried treasure. In my book, "Galapagos: World's End," I described the adventures of Christiansen, the taxi-driver ship-wrecked on these islands, and the gold left behind when he and his companions were rescued. Christiansen is to be one of the company to revisit the scene and dig up the gold.

**N.B.**—Our readers will be interested to know that we have arranged for a special series of articles and photographs describing and illustrating the "Arcturus" expedition to the Sargasso Sea and the Galapagos Islands, and the survey of the Humboldt-Current.



WITH TWO UNDER-WATER CAMERAS FOR PHOTOGRAPHING SUB-MARINE LIFE DURING THE SARGASSO SEA EXPEDITION: MISS RUTH ROSE AND MR. ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK.

In preparation for the peculiar requirements of the work to be undertaken, the *Arcturus* has been refitted, and many odd devices have been installed which will make her the despair of captains called



TESTING A SPECIAL DIVING HELMET FOR USE DURING THE VOYAGE OF THE "ARCTURUS" TO THE SARGASSO SEA: DR. WILLIAM BEEBE, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, AND MISS RUTH ROSE, ANOTHER MEMBER OF IT.

The "Arcturus" will also enter the Pacific, where the chief object is to survey the Humboldt Current as thoroughly as the Sargasso Sea in the Atlantic. There is a great difference between them. "The Sargasso is the deadliest and hottest place in any sea, while the Humboldt Current is a cold, swift-moving stream sweeping up from the Antarctic." In the Pacific the expedition will visit the Galapagos Islands.—[Photographs by International Newsreel, supplied by Topical.]

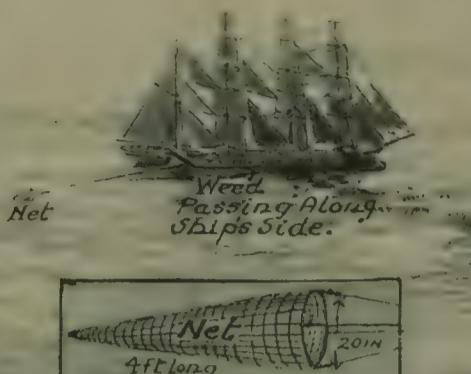
## AN "OCEAN GRAVEYARD" AND "LOST ATLANTIS": THE SARGASSO SEA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM SKETCHES AND MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN C. C. DIXON, F.R.G.S. PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

1



2. MEASURING DENSITY OF THE WEED.



3.



TYPE of Small Sea-horse found in the Sargasso.



The Sargasso Weed.

Very small portion above the surface.

Most of the weed floats in submerged pads.

millions of small fish are to be found in the weed.



FLYING-FISH found in the Sargasso Sea. Note the ragged edge of the pectoral fins.

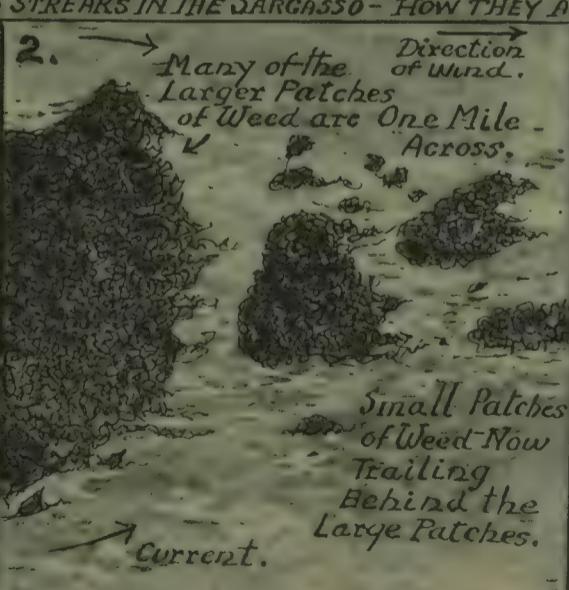
Type of Small Crabs found in Large Numbers

Note spike

1

THE WEED STREAKS IN THE SARGASSO—HOW THEY ARE FORMED.

3.



SHOWING METHODS OF MEASURING THE DENSITY OF WEED; STREAKS AND CURRENTS; AND CURIOUS FORMS OF LIFE: CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SARGASSO SEA, NOW TO BE STUDIED BY A NEW AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.

The new American expedition to the Sargasso Sea, and the legends formerly associated with it, are described in the article on page 382, by Dr. William Beebe, the expedition's leader. Here we illustrate some of its known characteristics derived from the researches of Captain C. C. Dixon, made during many voyages, as recorded in the "Geographical Journal." There we read: "Towing a net with mouth 20 inches wide for two hours from a long outrigger over a distance of 6 nautical miles, Captain Dixon caught 35 lb. of weed, which . . . works out at just over 10 tons per square nautical mile. . . . Fields of weed offer practically no obstruction, even to a row-boat." The top drawings show how the density of the

weed was measured by means of a long outrigger, so as to avoid the mass of weed collected by the ship. The assimilation of living creatures to their surroundings, in protective coloration and shape, was noted in the peculiar flying-fish with ragged edges like those of the weed, and in sea-horses coloured like it. There are also millions of tiny crabs, spiked at both ends. The lower drawings show the movement of the weed in patches and streaks, due to wind currents. Some of the patches, or "islands," in calm weather are half a mile across. Wind changes the formation into streaks, smaller ones trailing after the larger, or circling round them. Most of the weed is submerged.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## The Snake-Stealer: A Unique and Perilous Occupation.

By F. W. FITZSIMONS, F.Z.S., F.R.M.S., Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum, Author of "The Snakes of South Africa," and "The Natural History of South Africa."

READERS of fact and fiction are acquainted with much that is sensational, thrilling, and amazing. But the highest flights of the imagination of a Rider Haggard or a Conan Doyle could hardly conceive the possibility of a man stealing live venomous snakes for a livelihood.

The following is the story of this truly remarkable and altogether unique episode.

Returning from a visit to Europe and the East Coast of Africa, I noticed the collection of live snakes in our Snake Park was not up to standard. The books revealed the fact that considerable numbers of snakes had been purchased. The occupants of the Park were carefully counted and the deaths deducted. Yes, there was a serious shortage. Suspicion fell on Johannes, the Basuto Snake Park attendant, and he was shadowed. No clue to the mystery, however, was forthcoming until one of the several men who make a living by catching and selling snakes to us brought in a bag containing a dozen puff adders and some boomslangs. I wandered down to the Snake Park, which is situated in the grounds of the Port Elizabeth Museum, to see the reptiles liberated. The bag was handed to Johannes, and he shot its contents on to the lawn grass in the park. Somehow something seemed amiss, and, on focussing my attention, I realised that the snakes were not behaving as they ought under the circumstances. They were supposed to be fresh from the veld, and should have lunged fiercely and threateningly at the leather-covered legs of the

abdominal scales was snipped with a pair of small scissors.

Seven days went by and nothing happened. The watchmen were growing weary, and less eager to earn the £5 reward I had offered for the thief's capture. They wanted the week-end off, and I agreed. Their last evening on duty was Thursday, and the thief turned up the following night.

The next morning he presented himself at the museum with a bag containing twelve snakes. An

Park, and they, too, roosted in the shrubs. The cobra has a bold, independent nature, and will not put up with any sort of indignity. If Halse had laid his hand on one of these cobras, it would have instantly bitten him. A cobra is able to inject many times a fatal dose of venom, and a bite with both fangs on the hand would have been fatal within an hour—possibly less. The venom paralyses the motor nerve endings, and weakness and collapse of the muscles is an early symptom.

On the inside of the wall there is a moat with water three feet in depth and three feet broad. The wall on the inner side is five feet high, and the paralysis of the muscles after a bite by a cobra would have been so rapid that, supposing Halse had lingered to affix a ligature, he would most certainly have been unable to get out of the Snake Park, and there his dead body would have been found in the morning. It is rather surprising he did not tread on a puff-adder on the occasion of one of his many raids. These reptiles move about at night time, and there are upwards of a hundred of them scattered over the ground in the Snake Park. The fangs are recurved and half an inch in length; the venom is of a most deadly kind, and death is slow but sure, and is preceded by symptoms of a most terrifying and appallingly painful nature.

But, ye gods, think of it! Is there another man on the face of this old world who would become of his own free will a burglar of a Snake Park and steal highly venomous snakes?—who would actually in cold blood



HOW TO HANDLE A VENOMOUS SNAKE: ONE OF 100 SPECIMENS HELD THUS FOR MAKING THE IDENTIFICATION MARKS TO TRAP THE THIEF.

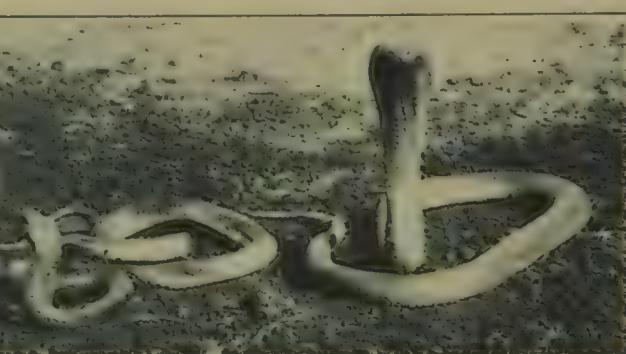
The identification mark consisted in the snipping of one of the horny abdominal scales with a pair of scissors. Mr. FitzSimons marked 100 snakes in this way, gripping them by the neck with finger and thumb.

Photographs by Courtesy of Mr. F. W. FitzSimons.

examination revealed my private marks on five of them. "Did you capture these snakes yourself?" I asked. "Yes, certainly; I caught them at Greenbushes"—a near-by locality. "Had you an assistant?" I queried. "No; I always go out alone." I tried to draw him out in regard to a confederate, and a certain man in another seaside town who is a beach-tent showman, and to whom I was certain he supplied the snakes stolen from us.

"Young man," said I, "you are fairly and squarely caged, trapped, tripped up. You have been snaffling our snakes for the past six months and selling most of them back to us, and now it is our turn. You have brought in some snakes which belong to us. They have our private identification marks on them." He went through the usual, old-as-the-hills performance of pretending to be indignant, and protesting his innocence. Heeding him not, I reached for the telephone receiver and proceeded to 'phone for Detective Sergeant Davidson. Then Halse admitted his guilt and pleaded strongly to be let off. However, my heart was hardened against him. He had systematically robbed us for many months, and I had gone to a lot of trouble to show him exactly what to do should he get bitten while out snake-catching, and a snake-bite outfit was presented to him.

In his operations on our Snake Park he always chose a dark night, and, scaling the high entrance gate, he vaulted over the Snake Park wall and moat, and calmly proceeded to pick up the snakes and place



WITH A LARGE PYTHON: JOHANNES, THE SNAKE PARK ATTENDANT AT PORT ELIZABETH.

leap over a wall into a confined space containing 600 of these reptiles, lying about as thick as pebbles on a shingly beach?—then, in the darkness of the night, proceed carefully to select the high-priced species, and have the cheek and hardihood to sell them back to the owners the following day!

In due course the prisoner was brought before the magistrate. The news had spread, and the Court House was crammed with interested spectators. My Snake Park assistant brought in the stolen snakes and dumped the bag down in front of the assembled lawyers and under the nose of the Beak. Many cases came on and were disposed of, but the legal men were restless, and the magistrate did not appear quite at his ease. Then our case was cited, and the Public Prosecutor called for the snakes. "Great Caesar's ghost!" exclaimed a seasoned lawyer in alarm. "You don't mean to open that bag here?" When Johannes calmly proceeded to do so, he gathered up his papers and departed, remarking that the Court fell chilly. Others shifted to a distance, and I saw several surreptitiously draw their feet up to the rungs of their chairs.

Anyway, a boomslang five feet in length was drawn forth and handed up to me in the witness-box. I have handled snakes with bare hands for twenty-five years, and I am still in my mortal body, though I have several scars from bites. I held the snake over towards the magistrate so that he could get a close view of the identification mark on it; but somehow he didn't seem inclined to make too minute an examination of the boomslang, which seemed to him so sinister with its black forked tongue shooting quivering in and out, and its large, unwinking eyes glistening in the light.

Halse was sentenced to a month's hard labour.



HOLDING A CLUSTER OF HIGHLY VENOMOUS SNAKES THAT WERE STOLEN BY THE THIEF: AN ATTENDANT AT THE PORT ELIZABETH SNAKE PARK.

The snakes shown here are called Schaapstekers. If handled gently they do not bite, although highly venomous.

Photograph by W. Stuart.

attendant, or scuttled off into the moat to swim off in alarm and make desperate efforts to find a gap in the surrounding wall. No; on the contrary, they moved sluggishly away, apparently familiar with their surroundings.

Cautiously questioning the snake-catcher, who is a European of about twenty years of age named Halse, I gleaned the information that the snakes had been caught in the adjacent demarcated forest. The following day I phoned the Forest Officer, who informed me no permit had been given this man to enter the forest reserve. Puff-adders are difficult to obtain in the neighbourhood of Port Elizabeth, except in this forest reserve, and the man surely must have poached them or lied to me.

A week went by, and Halse once more appeared with a bag of snakes. Again they seemed to be unusually tame, but I held my peace, and told the assistant to pay the usual prices for them. Then I laid my plans to encompass the snake-thief's downfall. Three sturdy Kafir watchmen were put on night duty at the Snake Park, with instructions, if the thief appeared, to secure him dead or alive.

Then, unknown to anybody, I privately marked a hundred snakes in the park so that I could subsequently identify them. This was no soft or cushy job. The reptiles had to be pinned down, one at a time, with a forked stick, and gripped by the neck with finger and thumb. Then, after securing the body firmly to prevent the snake struggling, one of the horny

them in his bag. He was a good business man, for he always selected the species for which we paid the highest prices. Those we desired most were tree-snakes known as Boomslangs (*Dispholidus typus*). These roosted in the shrubs, and Halse disentangled them from the twigs with his bare hands, apparently as calmly as a man picking fruit. Boomslangs possess a highly subtle poison, but they are not aggressive snakes and rarely bite unless roughly handled.

But the stealer of snakes was in more deadly peril than he realised. We had several cobras in the Snake

## SCENE OF A SNAKE-BURGLAR'S EXPLOITS: A SOUTH AFRICAN SNAKE PARK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. F. W. FITZSIMONS, F.Z.S., F.R.M.S., DIRECTOR OF THE PORT ELIZABETH MUSEUM.



WHERE A THIEF ENTERED BY NIGHT AND PICKED UP VENOMOUS REPTILES WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AFTERWARDS RE-SELLING THEM TO THE INSTITUTION AS NEWLY-CAUGHT WILD SPECIMENS: PART OF THE SNAKE PARK AT PORT ELIZABETH, SHOWING THE WALL HE SCALDED.



CONTAINING DEADLY COBRAS WHOSE BITE, RAPIDLY FATAL, THE THIEF RISKED DURING HIS DEPREDATIONS: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SNAKE PARK AT PORT ELIZABETH, WITH JOHANNES, THE BASUTO ATTENDANT, WHO WAS AT FIRST WRONGFULLY SUSPECTED.

These photographs of the Snake Park at Port Elizabeth illustrate the scene of the amazing theft of snakes described on page 384, in the article by Mr. F. W. FitzSimons, Director of the Museum. The thief not only stole the snakes at night, at the imminent risk of his life, but systematically sold them back again to the institution! At length he was brought to justice, and the production of a bag of snakes in court, to show the identification marks made on them to catch

the thief, produced considerable perturbation. Photographs of the Port Elizabeth Snake Park appeared in our issue of October 20, 1923. In the same number, as well as in those of October 27 and December 29 in the same year, we gave a number of drawings illustrating a kindred establishment in Brazil—namely, the Institute of Serum Therapy at Butantan, where there is a large Snake Park and research is made into the scientific study of snake-bite and its cure.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

A PLEASANT old convention in book titles has lately been revived by Messrs. Kegan Paul in their series of brief philosophical treatises, "To-day and To-morrow." Individual volumes in that series bear names that may not at first glance explain themselves to an age that cares little for classical allusion, but they are instantly descriptive to the average well-read man. For the most part the titles are proper names, applied with that happy sense of fitness which inspired the christening of Ascham's "Toxophilus," Milton's "Areopagitica," Hobbes's "Leviathan" and "Behemoth," Berkeley's "Alciphron" and "Siris," Becker's "Charicles" and "Gallus," and Lessing's "Laocoön," to mention no others. The latest volume of the new series is Mr. Haldane's "Callinicus," reviewed last week by E. H. G.

Another old campaigner has just increased our obligation to him with a new volume in the form of a Platonic dialogue. Here the creator of Colonel Bramble appears entirely as the philosopher, and sets down a series of imaginary conversations upon the qualities of leadership necessary to the general and the statesman. The dialogue in "CAPTAINS AND KINGS," by André Maurois (The Bodley Head; 5s.), is carried on between a young French officer, representing the man of action, and his former tutor in philosophy, representing the man of ideas. It is the Platonic contrast of the life practical and the life theoretical brought down to date in a most attractive setting, full of wise saws, and ancient as well as modern instances.

The book has an interest over and above its own intrinsic merit, for it begins with a criticism of Pierrefeu's "Plutarch Lied," a book that enjoyed an enormous sale in France, and attracted considerable notice from reviewers in this country, although it does not seem to have attained to any sensational circulation here. Possibly the title was against great popularity, for our man in the street does not care a straw whether Plutarch lied or not. *Prima facie*, he would be inclined to declare that a man with a name like that was capable of anything. They manage these things differently, however, in France, where the sense of antiquity is keener, and the ancients are more lively figures to the average man's intelligence, and an insinuation against a famous biographer's veracity would be likely to arouse interest. But M. Pierrefeu did not bring specific charges against Plutarch; he brought rather a general indictment against military historians, whom he held to be unable by the nature of things to see their heroes in a true light.

M. Maurois' Philosopher would have liked to agree with M. Pierrefeu, but he wondered whether his old pupil, the Lieutenant, would not "discover a telling argument or two on the other side." Accordingly he drew him into a debate, which is conducted on both sides with great wit, liveliness, learning, and acumen. M. Pierrefeu's main thesis was that in war Chance is the supreme arbiter; that the generals propose, and the Fates dispose. The Lieutenant held that, Chance notwithstanding, it is the personal equation that really counts. Some characters seize all their opportunities, and profit by them; others will let ten slip by. The disputants pursue their subject from leadership in the field to leadership in the State, and examine, pro and con, the case for the rule of the one strong man, the impossibility of government by a group. M. Maurois, so fertile in appropriate instances, might very well have quoted here Lord Fisher's "A Junta never won." The conversation is suggestive rather than conclusive. The Philosopher remains a Radical, the Lieutenant an aristocrat, although he confesses to his tutor, "You rattle my ideas a little, but I manage to restore the line once more. It is perhaps a little less rigid. All the better. Everything must allow for a little warping." M. Maurois, the philosopher, is still very much the novelist, for out of his argument rise the portraits of two clearly defined and charming characters drawn with rare insight. Before the end we know and like them as well as we know and like Colonel Bramble.

Works like these escape the reproach of the so-called "war-book," for they relate the great struggle to the common interests of humanity, and to the urgent questions of the present hour. On the merely narrative issue, the soldier's yarn, one may be a little *blast*, but now and then even that may have some element of novelty, as in a collection of stories about odd happenings at the back of the front. These, written from an American point of view, will be found in "ADVENTURES OF THE D.C.I." (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.), by Major C. E. Russell, who was American Provost-Marshal at Bordeaux.

The book is a contribution, from a fresh angle, to detective literature, and, once taken up, it is not easily laid down. I may confess at once that I could not lay it down, although here and there I caught myself doubting. Why, for instance, in "The Missing Paymaster," were the authorities so long in trying to trace the notes with which Captain Barry was supposed to have absconded? And why, again, were they so long in suspecting and inspecting the cabaret that was so suddenly closed after the officer vanished? The moment the closing of the café was mentioned early in the story, I marked the place down as suspicious, but the D.C.I. let weeks pass before examining it. One admits that cold fact cannot be expected to attain the completeness of carefully constructed fiction, but the delay in these two cases seems scarcely compatible with the author's cleverness as a hunter of crooks.

For one of his most exciting stories he does not vouch: "The Attempt Against Leviathan." It is given frankly as hearsay, but, true or false, it is a capital spy-yarn. Perhaps it is an invention, for here again sceptics will ask why a certain stranger officer was passed on board the threatened ship at the very moment of sailing, merely because his papers seemed to be in order. These papers must have had a point of origin, which could have been applied to by telephone for verification. A similar neglect of immediate application to the issuing office occurs in an otherwise good tale of bluff—"Alias Lieutenant Jenkins." It may be the American way to be so elaborately ingenious in the *viva-voce* "checking" of suspects that the obvious detail escapes notice.

The natural and legitimate curiosity of novel-readers about the originals of fictitious characters has often to rest satisfied with more or less plausible speculation, made long after the author's departure. Mr. W. S. Crockett wrote an elaborate work upon the Scott originals, one of the most highly specialised studies of its kind. At the best it left many questions in the air. Admirers of a great Russian writer will have higher certainty, for, in "THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ANTON TCHEKHOV" (Cassell; 16s.) the editors, Mr. S. S. Kotliansky and Mr. Philip Tomlinson, have included a letter from Tchekhov's brother Michael, giving trustworthy particulars of Anton's originals. The narrative part of the book has been subordinated to the letters, which are the real biography, but the introductory chapters are admirable and indeed essential. Among the excellent and fascinating biographies of the moment, Tchekhov's takes its place in the very front rank.

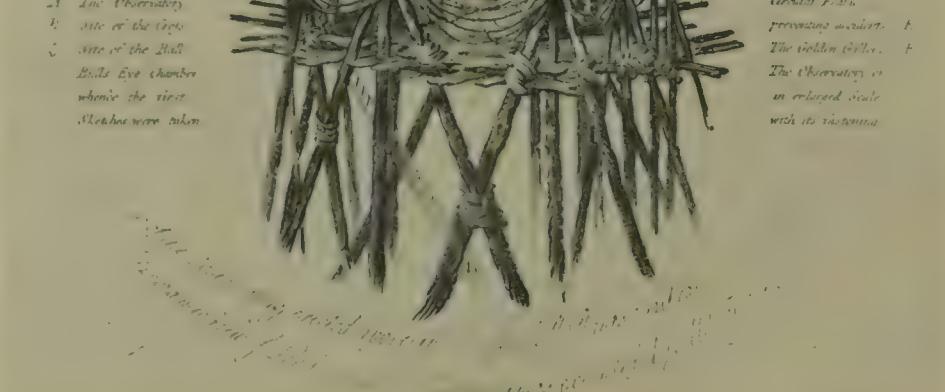
It is the revelation of a most attractive personality, of a wonderful character and career—a tale of youthful struggle less sordid than Gorky's, less tumultuously passionate than Sudermann's, and more intelligible to the Anglo-Saxon. For "more than any other Russian writer Tchekhov was free from tendencies." By profession he was a doctor, but in his stories, tales and plays there is not a single political recipe. The letters here translated are only a selection from the great body of Tchekhov's published correspondence, but Messrs. Kotliansky and Tomlinson have made their choice with the utmost care, skill, and judgment.

The discovery of the real behind the fictitious finds a most delightful variant in a book which tells, somewhat in the style of a novel, the true story of that remarkable Dutch-woman, Mme. de Charrière, the eighteenth-century wit and intellectual known otherwise as Zélide. In "THE PORTRAIT OF ZÉLIDE," Mr. Geoffrey Scott (Constable; 12s.) handles an exquisite subject exquisitely. Comparisons may be odious, but I hope it is not unpardonable to say that the workmanship recalls the method of Pater's "Imaginary Portraits," qualified by a greater sense of humour. Zélide might, but for the grace of God, have become Mrs. James Boswell, and Mr. Scott indulges a pleasant fancy as to the possibilities of such a match. "What passages might not have been added to the 'Life of Johnson'?" For Zélide was not one to be silenced by a "Madam, you err'!" The book throws new light on Mme. de Charrière's romantic friendship with Benjamin Constant, and corrects Sainte-Beuve's misconceptions on that subject. Critical, artistic, charmingly human, "The Portrait of Zélide" is a true reflection of its period, a little masterpiece, a possession for ever.

Among notable novels of the moment, I would have you note a finely rounded tale of South American adventure and passion, "THE COURTYARD," by Neville Brand (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Brand is an author to reckon with and watch. Do not omit either from your list a volume of first-rate short stories, "VALIANT DUST," by Katherine Fullerton Gerould (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), who wrote "Conquistador." America has sent us over nothing better in the short-story way than this collection. The first tale, "An Honest Man," is an exposure of Bolshevik fanaticism that should be read together with Mr. Blake's experiment in the same medium. Mrs. Gerould has also a cunning hand in the treatment of the occult—so difficult to handle persuasively. But she gets her effect, just the right effect—no more and no less—every time. And for a subtly inverted variant of woman's everlasting preoccupation with

love, read "The Toad and the Jewel." Remember also that Margaret Rivers Larminie has just issued her third novel, "SOAMES GREEN" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.), another of her finely reflective studies of men and women.

The life of the writing man has often (perhaps too often of late) been taken as material for fiction, and now and then it has been presented from the wife's point of view. In actual biography, also, a wife has occasionally drawn the portrait of a literary husband, but not hitherto, that I can remember, while her partner yet lived. Now, however, in "ARNOLD BENNETT" (Philpot; 7s. 6d.), one of the foremost of contemporary novelists has been revealed to a curious (or incurious) public by the wife of his bosom. We see him in all the relations of life—at work, at rest, at meals, and at play, we learn that he is a man of rigid routine and of exemplary diligence. "An artist's wife," says Mrs. Bennett, "must expect to be lonely at times, for an artist, good husband though he may be, is absorbed by his work and cannot give her the companionship an ordinary man can give." That is an old complaint; but Mrs. Bennett is equal to the sacrifice involved.



A FORGOTTEN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S: AN OLD PRINT SHOWING AN OBSERVATORY ABOVE THE DOME FROM WHICH WAS DRAWN A PANORAMA OF LONDON. This interesting old print, inscribed "View of the Observatory erected above the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral from which a panoramic view of London and its environs was executed by Mr. Thomas Hornor," has just come into our hands without any further information, except the name of the engraver, "S. Rawle" (i.e., Samuel Rawle, 1771-1860). The print bears no date, and we cannot trace any particulars about Thomas Hornor. We submitted the print to the Dean of St. Paul's, with a view to verifying whether the observatory was actually erected or only planned, but he replied that he knew nothing about it. Augustus Hare, in his "Walks in London," describing St. Paul's dome, mentions that Robert Browning (1812 to 1889) "climbed higher still into a crow's nest temporarily erected for repairs," and wrote the lines beginning "Over the ball of it, Peering and prying." The Ball and Cross were restored in 1822. The print, in which they are not visible, was perhaps done during their temporary removal. Browning, however, was then only ten. Possibly some of our readers can supply further details.

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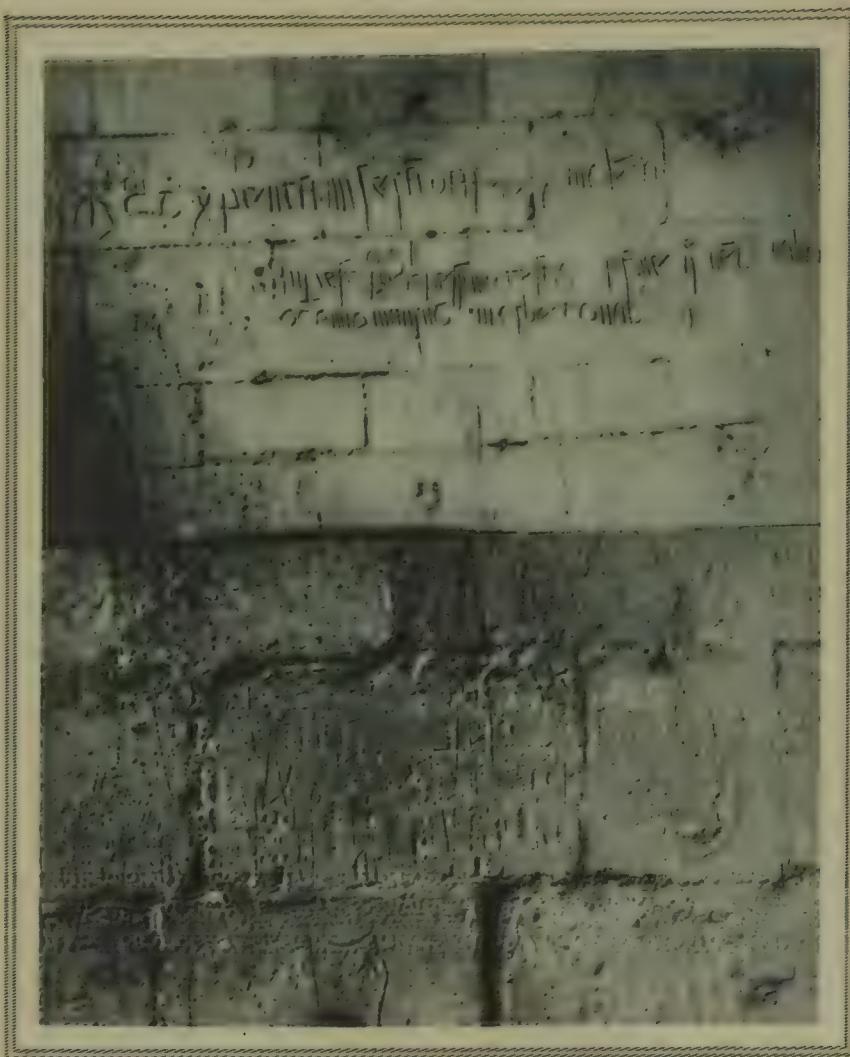
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## CUT IN A CHURCH WALL: THE EARLIEST VIEW OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.

BY COURTESY OF MR. REGINALD L. HINE.

IN sending us these very interesting photographs, Mr. Reginald L. Hine writes: "They are of what is by far the earliest-known drawing (or, rather, incision) of Old St. Paul's, in the tower of Ashwell Church, Herts. The rough sketch is cut into the stone, and stands about 5 ft. from the floor. There is an inscription just above it (as shown), which gives a contemporary account of the horrors of the Black Death of 1349. The Old St. Paul's drawing, therefore, was probably done a generation or so after the building was finished in 1315. It is of great interest to students of architecture, because it not only shows the tracery and detail work, but it varies in several particulars from the known plan of the building. It is as though we have here the rapid sketch done by a mason in an interval of work, with the stone on the banker before him, of how he would have liked the design of St. Paul's to have gone. The photographs are, I think, the only ones ever taken of the Ashwell *graffito*. . . . There has certainly been no other reproduction of this drawing." Mr. Hine also sends us a printed extract giving further particulars, as follows: "On the north wall of the tower at Ashwell, some twelve feet from the ground, a chronicler of the fourteenth century has made this

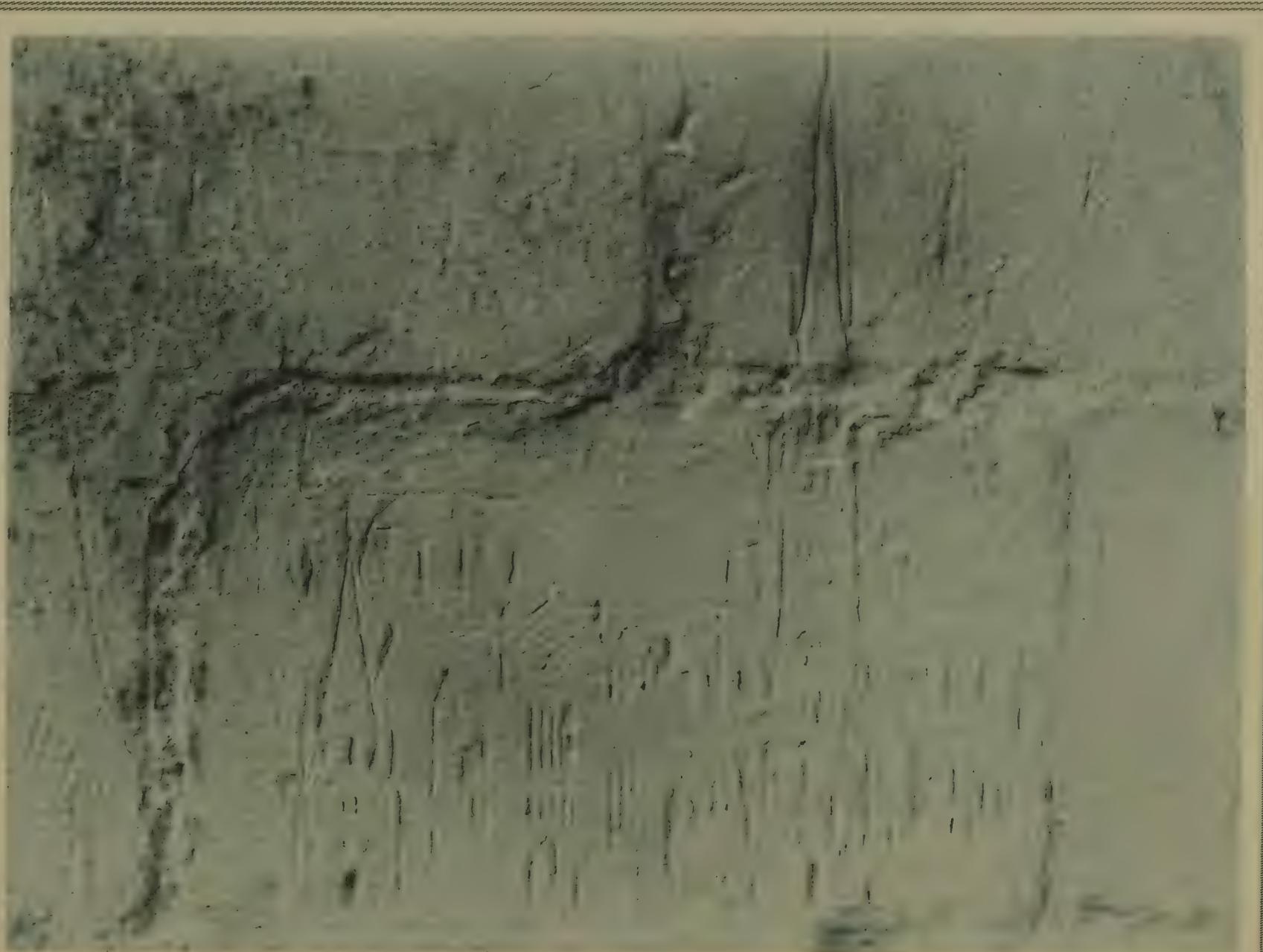
[Continued opposite.]



DATING PROBABLY FROM ABOUT 1361: A REMARKABLE REPRESENTATION OF OLD ST. PAUL'S INCISED IN THE WALL OF ASHWELL CHURCH, HERTFORDSHIRE, WITH AN INSCRIPTION ABOVE RELATING TO THE BLACK DEATH OF 1349.

[Continued.]

memorandum: "Primarius pestis Mt. eoo Fuit Juni Año" (The beginning of the plague was in June in the year 1300). Three feet below, in deeply incised lettering of Old English style, three lines of Latin verse proclaim their melancholy witness to the devastating plague of 1349, and that great wind on St. Maur's day (January 15) a decade later which swept the scourge away:—  
*'M. ct. Xpenta miscranda ferox violenta | MCCCL. | Superest plebs pessima testis in fineque ventis. | Validus ve anno maurus in orbe tonat. | MCCCLXI.' | (1350 | Woe-ful, wild, distracted, | The dregs of a people alone survive to witness | And in the end a tempest | Full mighty. This year St. Maur thunders in the world 1361.)* The writing of the inscription would seem to be of the early fifteenth century. There is a similar *graffito* at Gamlingay. Though the lines appear as printed above, for metrical purposes they require reconstruction. They seem to be composed of one leonine hexameter, the ends of two others, and one pentameter. A leonine verse is one in which the middle and end words rhyme and is a favourite mediæval form, though not used by the great classical writers of Roman times. In order to get the rhymes the most violent inversions and queer words are sometimes employed."



REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE WALL-CARVING OF OLD ST. PAUL'S IN ASHWELL CHURCH—BELIEVED TO BE THE WORK OF AN ARTISTIC FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MASON, AND SHOWING VARIATIONS FROM THE KNOWN PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S WHICH PROBABLY REPRESENT HIS IDEA OF WHAT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN.

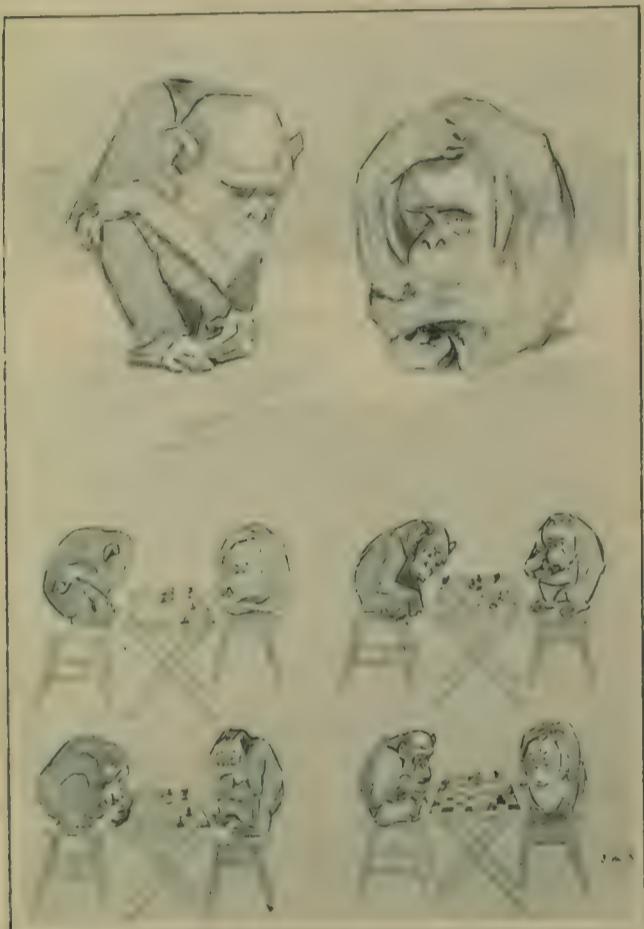
## THE ART OF J. A. SHEPHERD.

By FRANK RUTTER.

THE first thing that anybody says about the art of Mr. J. A. Shepherd is that it is "so original"; and, lest we pay this great tribute too lightly, let us pause a minute to consider exactly what this phrase implies. There is no quality more sought after in art to-day than originality, and there is no quality which so persistently eludes those who feverishly seek

paintings, we have to admit that Landseer was too sentimental, and erred in making his dogs a trifle too human. Now that is something that Mr. Shepherd never does; he gets an extraordinary amount of fun and amusement out of animals, but he never presents them in a semi-human guise. On the contrary, it is the "nature of the beast" that he unerringly emphasises; and what he brings out above all, if the expressions may be permitted, is the "monkeyness" of the monkey or the "parrotty" of the parrot. In a word, Mr. Shepherd does not endow his animals with human attributes, but searches out the essential character of each.

depicts is by no means to have exhausted all virtues in the work of this really remarkable artist. Mr. Shepherd is an illustrator, and it is the duty of an illustrator not only to convey information by his drawing, but also to embellish a page by his design. These are the two functions of illustration, and Mr. Shepherd fulfils the second as admirably as he does the first. Both are done with the same quiet ease and well-behaved



BRINGING OUT "THE 'MONKEYNESS' OF THE MONKEY": A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF J. A. SHEPHERD—THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM: CHIMPANZEE AND ORANG-UTANG.—[Reproduced from the "Sketch."]

to make it their own. Pathetic indeed are the acrobatics of certain modern painters who endeavour to attain originality after the manner of the ostrich that buries its head in the sand to evade its pursuers. It may be said with sufficient truth that the more an artist consciously seeks after originality the less likely is he to achieve his aim, for a true originality is not a something added to an artist's work, it is the by-product of his individual genius.

Many years ago Carlyle told us that "the merit of originality is not novelty, it is sincerity." That is where so many of us have gone astray; we have mistaken a superficial novelty, which is usually artificial and frequently insincere, for the true gold of original genius.

The originality that we discover in Mr. J. A. Shepherd's art is due simply and solely to his sincerity; he is sincere about himself and sincere about the animals and birds which form the subjects of his inimitable drawings—inimitable because anybody else trying to do them in the same style would necessarily be endeavouring to be Mr. Shepherd and not himself, and so fall into the pit of insincerity. Mr. Shepherd has so profound a knowledge of and interest in animal life, he has so definite and decided a point of view of his own, and he has educated his hand so perfectly to express what he has in his mind, that in looking at his drawings we find it impossible to say where the subject ends and where the treatment begins. They are all subject and all treatment: that fusion of matter and manner which we call "style" is complete.

Other artists have drawn and painted animals, but not exactly as Mr. Shepherd does. We think of Queen Victoria's favourite painter, Landseer; but, even while as dog-lovers we confess a certain affection for his "Dignity and Impudence" and other

Mr. W. B. Yeats once observed to me that the great difference, in his opinion, between classical and Christian art was that, whereas the Greeks sought beauty in Proportions, the Christian artists found it in Character. It may seem a fantastic notion to take Mr. J. A. Shepherd's drawings as examples of Christian art *in excelsis*, yet in all seriousness is it not supremely true that not only the humour but the beauty of his work largely lies in its interpretation of character? It is in his masterly presentation of essential character that Mr. Shepherd is without peers, and it is all done so simply and so inevitably. Every line tells; there is nothing redundant, nothing superfluous. And even when characterisation is pushed to the verge of caricature, these little beings are treated so good-naturedly, so sympathetically, that we usually find ourselves not so much laughing *at* them as laughing *with* them. This is another of Mr. Shepherd's great qualities: he does not attempt to drag the animal world up to our human level and so make it ridiculous, but invites us to descend with him, and makes us see how amusing and intelligible it is when we regard it along its own plane. There is no human superiority in Mr. Shepherd's attitude towards the lower creation; to him, as to St. Francis of Assisi, the birds and the fishes—to say nothing of the monkeys—are really and truly his little brothers and sisters. So perhaps, after all, the contention that Mr.

Shepherd is a typical Christian artist may not be so fantastic as it first sounded.

But to have noted the incisive economy of his line and his brilliant characterisation of the creatures he



BRINGING OUT "THE 'PARROTY' OF THE PARROT": A TYPICAL DRAWING BY J. A. SHEPHERD, WHOSE NEW SERIES OF "ZOO" STUDIES BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER—"THE BACKBITERS."—[Reproduced from the "Sketch."]

reticence. The grouping of his animals always appears natural, but it is symmetrical; the masses are carefully balanced, the drawing takes its place on the page and pleases us by its dispositions; the effect is decorative, but we perceive no straining after decorative effect. Mr. Shepherd's patterns, like his characterisations, seem simple, natural, and inevitable. There is nothing more to say.

Since he first sprang into fame with his "Zig-zags at the Zoo," I have often wondered whether Mr. Shepherd was moved merely by alliteration or by a purposeful symbolism to adopt the zig-zag as his oriflamme. The zig-zag is probably the oldest and earliest form of ornament used by man. It is found on Neolithic pottery, in the art of the earliest civilisations in Egypt and Mesopotamia; it has been used, and is still used, by savages and primitive peoples in all parts of the world. Like all ornament, the zig-zag had a meaning, and it meant different things to different peoples. The Egyptians and Assyrians used it as a symbol for water; to some tribes it was a sign for lightning; to others it represented a serpent or a flock of birds. The varied sources from which the zig-zag springs proves that the same form does not always have the same origin, that the same symbol does not always have the same meaning. But, for whatever the zig-zag has been used—and there is evidence that in primitive times it was even used to typify human beings—it has always stood for two things, Movement and Life. That is a use to which it has certainly been put by Mr. J. A. Shepherd, and one is tempted to think that this artist, so thoughtful and purposeful, for all the raciness of his humorous observation, must have deliberately chosen this universally used and universally understood symbol as the banner under which he could most appropriately marshal and lead forth to victory his unique powers of observing and recording the habits and character of animal creation.



A "ST. FRANCIS" WITH A GENIUS FOR ANIMAL CARICATURE: MR. J. A. SHEPHERD, WHOSE NEW SERIES OF "ZOO" STUDIES BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER. Mr. J. A. Shepherd's new series of "Zoo" studies begins on page 389. "To him, as to St. Francis of Assisi," says Mr. Frank Rutter, "the birds and the fishes—to say nothing of the monkeys—are really and truly his little brothers and sisters."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

## BLINX AND BUNDA: A TOUR ROUND THE "ZOO."—No. I.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



BLINX AND BUNDA—AT THE PARROT HOUSE: (1) BLINX: "THERE'S SOMEONE CALLING ME, BUNDA!" BUNDA: "POOH! COME ALONG; IT'S ONLY ONE OF THOSE COMMON PARrots." (2) BUNDA: "I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING REALLY FUNNY." (3) BLINX: "THAT'S A SCREAM, BUNDA."

There is really no need to make excuse for the series of drawings by J. A. Shepherd which begins in this issue. Although the amusing adventures of Blinx, the "Zoo" cat, and Bunda, the "Zoo" monkey (both fictitious animals, by the way), are somewhat lighter in character than the events usually pictured in "The Illustrated London News," it is felt that the unquestionable artistic merit of the sketches gives them right of place. J. A. Shepherd, it seems superfluous to say, is famous for his animal studies, many of which have appeared in "The Illustrated London News"; and, if further proof were wanted, nothing could be better than the appreciation of his work by Frank

Rutter, the eminent art critic, which appears on another page, and gives some indication as to the position the artist holds in the art world. There is in his work something of the facility and boldness of line, as well as the sense of humour, so characteristic of the drawings of the best Japanese masters; and, in addition, having an unrivalled knowledge of the nature of birds and beasts, he is able to humanise their emotions, passions, and manners. We are confident, therefore, that our readers will follow the careers of Blinx and Bunda, in their tour-round the ever-popular "Zoo," with the joyous merriment which those adventures should not fail to arouse.

## TO BE RESTORED? THE PARTHENON ON THE ACROPOLIS—ATHENS AFTER THE ROMAN RESTORATION.

BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM WALCOT, AND THE PUBLISHER OF HIS ETCHINGS, MR. H. C. DICKINS. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE" IN ITS FINEST MANIFESTATION: A RECONSTRUCTION PAINTING OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS IN THE ROMAN PERIOD, CROWNED BY THE PARTHENON, MANY OF WHOSE FALLEN PILLARS, IT IS SAID, ARE NOW TO BE RE-ERECTED.

A recent report from Athens stated that a scheme is in hand to raise into their original position a number of the fallen pillars of the Parthenon. The broken sections were collected by archaeologists and have long been awaiting restoration. Similar work has before been done on the Acropolis, as in the temple of the Wingless Victory. The above picture represents the Acropolis, crowned by the Parthenon, or Temple of Athene (the large building in the centre) after the Romans had restored it to the aspect it originally wore in the days of Pericles. The artist, Mr. William Walcot, whose studio is in Rome, is distinguished for his work in reconstructing

the splendour of antiquity, and showing the great buildings of the past, not as ruins, but in the heyday of their colour and magnificence. Several examples of his work have previously appeared in our pages, including a colour reproduction of the Basilica of Constantine in our issue of August 23 last, and others in those of April 14 and 21, 1923. Mr. Walcot's rare etchings are issued by Mr. H. C. Dickins, the art publisher, of 9, Great Pulteney Street. Two photographs of the ruins of the Parthenon as they are at present appear on page 393 in this number.

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## TO BE PARTLY RESTORED? "THE PILLAR'D PARTHENON" AT ATHENS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOISSONNAS, GENEVA.



THE GEM OF ANCIENT GREEK ARCHITECTURE AS IT IS TO-DAY: THE PARTHENON, ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS—THE WEST FRONT, SHOWING SOME OF THE FALLEN COLUMNS WHICH, IT IS SAID, ARE TO BE RE-ERECTED AS THEY STOOD IN THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



LARGELY RUINED BY THE EXPLOSION OF A BOMB DURING THE SIEGE OF ATHENS BY THE VENETIANS IN 1687: THE PARTHENON, FROM WHICH CAME THE CELEBRATED SCULPTURES KNOWN AS THE ELGIN MARBLES, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM—AN INTERIOR VIEW AFTER A STORM.

As noted under our double-page colour picture of the Acropolis at Athens, in this number, it was reported recently that plans are in progress to raise some of the fallen columns of the Parthenon, which lie around it in sections, into their upright position. The effect would be to restore the chief monument of ancient Greek architecture to something of its original splendour, although much of the wonderful sculpture of Phidias, that once adorned it, has been removed. A number of the slabs from its famous frieze, with fifteen metopes and other fragments, were brought to England by Lord Elgin in 1801, and in 1816 the whole collection was bought by the nation and placed in the British Museum, where they came to be

known as the Elgin Marbles. The Parthenon, which is a temple of Athene Parthenos (the Virgin), was built during the administration of Pericles, and was dedicated in B.C. 438. The architects were Ictinus and Callicrates, but the whole work was under the superintendence of Phidias. The temple was entirely of Pentelic marble, and its dimensions are 227 ft. long, 101 ft. wide, and 65 ft. high. In the course of centuries the Parthenon has suffered great injury from war and pillage, especially during the siege of Athens by the Venetians in 1687, when a bomb exploded in the centre of the building and caused much of the walls on both sides to collapse.

## ROYAL YOUTH AND BEAUTY: CHARMING EUROPEAN PRINCESSES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANZEN KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND FLODIN (STOCKHOLM).



THE ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE INFANTA BEATRIZ.



YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN: THE INFANTA MARIA CRISTINA.



YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF PRINCE CHARLES OF SWEDEN, AND NIECE OF KING GUSTAV: PRINCESS ASTRID.



ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS: PRINCESS MARIE JOSE.



SECOND DAUGHTER OF PRINCE CHARLES OF SWEDEN, AND NIECE OF KING GUSTAV: PRINCESS MARTHA.

There are many beautiful young Princesses growing up in the royal houses of Europe, and the portraits given on these two pages do not exhaust the list. There are also, of course, the royal families of Rumania and Greece, of whom photographs have frequently appeared of late in our pages, as well as the young children of the late ex-Emperor Karl of Austria-Hungary, concerning whom we gave an illustrated article in our last number. The children of the King and Queen of

Spain, who have four sons and two daughters, are half-English, their mother being a daughter of Princess Beatrice and a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. The Infanta Beatriz was born at San Ildefonso on June 22, 1909, and is thus fifteen. Her sister, the Infanta Maria Cristina, is two-and-a-half years younger, having been born at Madrid on December 12, 1911. Princess Marie José, the youngest of the three children of the King and Queen of the Belgians, was born

[Continued opposite.]

## ROYAL YOUTH AND BEAUTY: CHARMING EUROPEAN PRINCESSES.



THE YOUNGEST OF THE FOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY: PRINCESS MARIA, WHO WAS ELEVEN LAST DECEMBER—  
A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE ROYAL CASTLE OF RACCONIGI.

*Continued.*  
at Ostend in 1906, and recently "came out" at a Court ball. She has two brothers, the Duke of Brabant (the Crown Prince) and the Count of Flanders. Princess Martha of Sweden was born at Stockholm in 1901, and her sister, Princess Astrid, at the same city in 1905. They are daughters of Prince Charles (brother of the King of Sweden), who married Princess Ingeborg of Denmark. Their eldest sister, Princess Margaret, married Prince Axel of Denmark, in 1919. The King

and Queen of Italy have four daughters and one son, the Prince of Piedmont. The eldest daughter, Princess Yolanda, married in 1923 Count Calvi di Bergolo. The second, Princess Mafalda, born at Rome in 1902, accompanied her parents on their visit to the King and Queen in London last year. Princess Giovanna was born in 1907, and Princess Maria in December 1914, both at Rome. The Italian Princesses have Montenegrin blood through their mother, Queen Helena.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE WALRUS: NEW LIGHT ON ITS DIET.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THOUGH ungainly in movement and uncouth in appearance, the walrus is yet a singularly interesting beast, no matter from what point of view we may contemplate him. Just now I am particularly concerned with the matter of his food. His fondness for oysters, which he displayed in that memorable feast shared with the Carpenter, most of us have never forgotten! But when we descend from fiction to hard facts, we seem to be, strangely enough, on less certain ground. Up to the present moment, all the books—and they are books written by men who ought to know—tell us that the walrus feeds upon molluscs and crustacea, and some add to this menu star-fish and sand-worms. In his search for molluscs, he sorts out "those of the largest size," as we have been taught to expect would be the case; and these are furnished by one of the clams, known to the conchologist as *Mya truncata*, also known as the "gaper," which is to be found in great abundance in Arctic waters. Like the ostrich, it buries its head in the sand, and so falls an easy prey to this hulking beast whenever he chooses to go rooting about the mud and sand with his great tusks to find a "square meal." One of the "boiling-shells," *Saxicava rugosa*, is also eaten, and this is found by hunting at the roots of seaweeds, to which they moor themselves by a silken rope. The crustacea which make up part of his diet are not specifically named, save that shrimps are mentioned. I should like to see a walrus chasing a shrimp!

For long years, "what the walrus has for dinner" has been regarded as settled beyond dispute. But it would appear that the last word on the subject has not yet been said. One of my most faithful and interesting correspondents, Mr. W. Jobson, who has a trading-station in Basbin Land, has sent me some extremely interesting notes, gleaned from Eskimos and from whaling captains, which seem to show that the appetite of the walrus is by no means appeased by juicy molluscs, sand-worms, and shrimps. On the contrary, I am assured that he prefers a far more solid and satisfying diet of seals. Seal meat and skin have, I am told, been taken from the stomachs of this mighty hunter, and he cites a case where an Eskimo had just landed a fine seal on an ice-floe, when a hungry walrus, without more ado, climbed up beside him and bore away his prize! When I told this to my friend Mr. Seth Smith, the curator of the mammals of the Zoological Society, he said he was not at all surprised, for "Old Bill," one of the treasures of the Gardens, turned up his nose—what there is of it—at "molluscs," but greedily ate seal-blubber, which has to be specially imported for him. This certainly looks like corroborative evidence. Yet when a seal was placed in the same pond with "Old Bill," there seemed such imminent danger that the seal would eat "Old Bill"—who, being

neither old nor of the male sex, would more appropriately be called "Little Alice"—that it had therefore to be promptly removed!

Circumstantial as the evidence seems to be, I must yet venture to ask for more. And this because, after carefully examining the skull of a walrus, I cannot, for the life of me, see how such afeat as eating a seal can be accomplished. The tusks of this animal, in both sexes, are formidable weapons, for they may measure as much as thirty inches in length, and as weapons of offence are to be avoided as much as possible. They are also used, it is said, as digging implements and as grappling-irons, to enable their possessors to climb out of the water on to ice-floes, or slippery rocks.

lie closely packed within the mouth on the inner side of the great tusks, as will be seen by a glance at the accompanying photograph. Now, it is just possible to insert one's fist between these tusks, but in front of them there are *no* teeth. More than this, the tusks lie so far forward that the jaws must be quite incapable of obtaining a grip on any such solid body as the carcase of a seal; they seem designed, indeed, to prevent any such use, even though the lower jaw may allow the mouth to open as much as six inches.

There is, however, one possibility which must not be overlooked. The lips of the walrus are enormously thick, and beset with huge bristles, as thick

as porcupine quills and quite as resistant. No one has yet assigned any use to this singular armature, but it may play not merely an important part in transferring molluscs from the sea-floor to the mouth, for such spines may serve equally well to thrust the loose skin of a slain seal sufficiently far into the mouth to enable a vice-like hold to be taken by the bony nippers formed by the extreme ends of the upper and lower jaws. Once such a hold was obtained, the skin and blubber might be wrenched off the still warm body, and a certain amount of flesh might also be seized in like manner. And just as an otter may be content with one or two good bites out of a fish, so a walrus may be content



NOW SAID TO HUNT SEAL, BUT HOW DOES HE EAT IT? THE WALRUS—A MALE, WITH HUGE TUSKS IN FRONT OF THE MOUTH.

"The male Walrus during life has an enormous neck: the skin is practically hairless. Like the sea-lions, and unlike the seals, the hind-legs can still be used for walking on land."—"The head of a Walrus shows the enormous bristles borne by the upper lip, and the great size of the tusks, which, however wide the mouth be opened, still bar the entrance."



SHOWING THE STRONG BRISTLES, THAT MAY SERVE TO THRUST SKIN FOLDS OF A SLAIN SEAL INTO THE MOUTH: THE HEAD OF A WALRUS.

They are certainly used in fighting between rival males for the possession of the females which the stronger has managed to round up. They would certainly make short work of a seal which came within their range: but, being killed, how is it to be demolished?

The walrus is even worse off than the extinct sabre-toothed tiger, which apparently over-reached

with a few mouthfuls from a seal. I feel quite positive that he could do no more. When "Old Bill" is old enough to grow a decent pair of tusks, the powers that be at the "Zoo" may be able to provide a seal as a test. May I be there to see!

There is another matter to be mentioned. The single incisor and the cheek-teeth already referred to are indistinguishable one from another, in so far as their shape is concerned. And all alike, in the adult, are worn down to the level of the gum, presenting tabular, slightly concave surfaces. These are quite consistent with a diet of shell-fish, since they would form admirable crushing pads, and their state of wear indicates that it is as "grindstones" that they are used; they certainly bear no evidence of being used for tearing or cutting up flesh.

As touching the number of the teeth in the walrus, the books, again, need revision. In some adult skulls, tiny sockets, sometimes even containing teeth, are found in the front of the upper jaw, though they do not cut the gum. They have been regarded as



WITH TEETH CLOSE TO THE TUSKS AND BETTER ADAPTED TO CRUSH SHELLS THAN TEAR FLESH: THE PALATE OF AN ADULT WALRUS.

"The palate of an adult Walrus shows the incisor and cheek teeth packed close up to the inner side of the base of the great tusks. The surfaces of these teeth are evidently better adapted for crushing shells than for cutting up flesh." The letters indicate—(A) Tusk (canine); (B) incisor; (C) cheek-teeth.—"The palate of a young Walrus shows the growing permanent incisor, and two of the 'milk-dentition.' It will be noticed here that the cheek-teeth at this stage are behind the tusk, which is as yet undeveloped. Before they cut the gum these teeth have conical crowns; later they wear flat." The letters indicate—(A) Milk-incisor; (B) permanent incisor; (C) canine, or tusk; (D) cheek-teeth.—"This lower jaw of an adult Walrus shows the flattened shape of the teeth, and the bony projection of the jaw in front of the teeth."

Photographs by E. J. Manly.

itself by increasing the length of its "tusks," even though, by a special mechanism of the lower jaw, it was able to open its mouth wider than any other animal, either before or since its appearance on the earth. But the sabre-tooth had sharp incisor-teeth in the front of its jaws, and particularly effective cheek-teeth for slicing up flesh. The adult walrus has but one incisor and three cheek-teeth, and these



SHOWING THE BONY PROJECTION (IN FRONT OF THE TEETH) THAT MAY BE USED TO GET HOLD OF A SLAIN SEAL: THE LOWER JAW OF AN ADULT WALRUS.

vestiges of the second, or permanent dentition, but they are really vestiges of the first, or milk dentition, such as are shown in the accompanying photograph of a young walrus. In all the seal-tribe the milk-teeth have but a very brief existence. In some species they are even shed before birth; in others they disappear by the time the youngster is a week old.

## MERCURY'S NEWLY DISCOVERED ATMOSPHERE: A PLANET NOW VISIBLE.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., ETC.

THE PLANET MERCURY

EDGE  
OF  
SUN

Scriven Bolton, del.



MERCURY, SHewing AN IRREGULAR AND MOTTLED SURFACE.

TEMPERATURES AT DIFFERENT DISTANCES FROM THE SUN.

SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SUN ON MAY 7 LAST: MERCURY (NOW VISIBLE AFTER SUNSET) PASSING IN FRONT OF THE SOLAR ORB, AND EXHIBITING AN ATMOSPHERIC ENVELOPE, DEFINITELY DISCOVERED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

"The planet Mercury," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "may now be looked for (between March 1 and 20) as a fairly bright star in the afterglow at sundown. On account of its close proximity to the sun, not every observer has had the fortune to see it. Even Copernicus never saw it, chiefly because of vapours from the Vistula obscuring the horizon where he dwelt. The latest discovery of Mercury pertains to an atmosphere, definitely discovered last year during the planet's passage across the sun, as shown above. Hitherto, Mercury was generally thought to be a charred, airless world, since, at the planet's distance from the solar furnace, the heat might liquefy a metal of low melting-point, like tin. The Mercurial atmosphere, however, is of moderate density, though possessing few

clouds. This transparency, together with the fact that the actual surface is apparently rough and composed of dark material, is corroborated by recent radiation measures, made in America, of the relatively small percentage of solar heat and light which Mercury reflects back to us. The atmosphere probably acts as a blanket in storing up the heat which reaches the surface. The terribly high temperature on Mercury renders it unfitted for life. Subjected to such heat, our earth would melt. Moreover, Mercury bears the brunt of the solar electrical discharges which occasionally hit the earth and disturb magnetic instruments. Since the planet is only 3000 miles in diameter, a person weighing 10 stone on earth would only weigh 2½ stone in Mercury."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

## history—and Real Estate: A City of Quarters.

"AROUND THE WORLD IN NEW YORK." By KONRAD BERCOVICI.\*

SIXTEEN-TWENTY-FIVE—the year the first white child, Sarah Rapaelje, was born in what is now New York, the year the first stockade was erected by the servants of the Dutch West Indies Company, almost the year in which Peter Minuit purchased Manhattan Island of its Indian owners for about twenty-four dollars' worth of baubles."

Nineteen-twenty-five—"New York, not a city, but a world," a city where only "from the Battery to Canal Street is history; from Canal Street upward it is real estate." And what is more to the point, as revealing the kaleidoscopic character of the great "oasis," a gathering-place for peoples of all nations, the readily assimilated merging with the long-established citizens, the mass of unabsorbed in colonies of their own curiously set so that, despite the periodic migrations caused by expansion, "a map of Europe superposed upon the map of New York would prove that the different foreign sections of the city live in the same proximity to one another as in Europe: the Spanish near the French, the French near the Germans, the Germans near the Austrians, the Russians and the Rumanians near the Hungarians, and the Greeks behind the Italians. . . . the English, islanders, living on the other side of the Hudson as if the river were the channel that separates them from the rest of Europe." The cosmopolitan will not isolate himself amongst compatriots, particular work will take particular persons out of their own territory; but in very many cases even these return "home" at night. Consequently, we have "Around the World in New York."

The districts are defined clearly enough for even the inexperienced to find them; but, if the haphazard is to be avoided, the cicerone must be good—as familiar with his subject as Mr. Bercovici, whose very fascinating book is "the result of fifteen years of observation and study, done during long peregrinations," and, it may be added, done with understanding and a rare appreciation of the traits of individuals and of races.

Under such guidance, it is possible to walk from Rector Street into Washington Street and Syria; from the East River wharves to Greece; from "the Greek quarters in Stamboul" to Jewry; from Russia to Mott Street and China; and so, by devious ways, to Little Italy; Gipsy Land; Africa; the Balkans; Spain; France; Germany; Hungary; Czechoslovakia; and elsewhere; not forgetting Greenwich Village, the American Quarter, Montmartre and Chelsea mingled.

Everywhere are to be seen and experienced things strange and unexpected—even to the travelled.

In "Syria," for example, is the dealer whose clients have to survive the Ordeal by Rug—a beautiful thing "of wool of natural colours; from brown-wooled sheep, silver gray, black, reddish and yellow sheep, such as are bred on the plains of Turkestan." Parkyan explained: "This rug is my test-stone. With it I test a new customer's knowledge of rugs. If he passes that up after I ask him a hundred dollars, which is not one-tenth of its value, I know that he does not know rugs. I then offer him anything and am sure to close a favourable deal." That was two years ago. "The other day," our author comments, "Parkyan showed me that he still had the rug."

"Greece," divided as it is, is "perhaps only a reproduction of the Greek quarters in Stamboul," with an odour of olive oil, cooked tomatoes, and garlic. There, in the innumerable coffee-houses, "the windows are curtainless and the swarthy men inside play cards as furiously, as passionately, as if their lives depended on the turn of the next card";

and "on the street men drag their *babouches* slowly." . . . And, throughout New York, the Greeks compete commercially only with the Italians! "In the last ten years the Greeks have practically appropriated the whole shoe-shine trade of the city, indeed of the country. Wherever there was an Italian is now a Greek . . . They import young boys from Greece, and deduct the cost of the ship ticket from the next-to-nothing salary. Yet, living economically, these youngsters save enough to open their own shoe-shine parlors or stands, and import themselves one or more laborers, whom they in turn exploit as mercilessly as they have been exploited." They have also "seized" the fruit-stand business and many ice-cream parlors and small quick-lunch rooms.

As to that voluntary ghetto, the East Side:

prohibition has done one thing, it has emptied the streets of the Italian quarter of their dangerous gangsters and of their houses of ill-fame and their votaries. . . . These women and men have settled down somewhere to a much more lucrative and safer profession. They have become respectable citizens, building homes for themselves and raising families. . . . Bootlegging has reduced the number of prostitutes and gangsters in New York city."

So to those gipsies whose women are fortunetellers and dealers in love-potions, and whose men, having found horses out of date, are itinerant sellers of motor-cars—in summer, at all events. "Forever moving onward, though in circles, westward, trading, the Ford that was ridden in the morning becomes a Rolls-Royce in the evening, and will again be a Ford the following day, leaving the difference, by no means negligible, in the pockets of the children of the Ganges River." And to those other gipsies—the very different Gipsies of the Violin. The gifted Mishka heads them. "It has taken him a long time to make his peculiar art of playing valuable in New York. But so many of the Russian aristocracy arrived . . . that numerous Russian inns and cabarets sprang into existence on upper Broadway. The democratic American is paying for the privilege of being waited upon by a Russian nobleman who serves caviar at two dollars and a half a sandwich and tea at fifty cents a glass. Mishka plays in one of these places to give atmosphere. Two or three hundred dollars a week is as nothing to him."

Thence to Greenwich Village, of which Hypolite Havel said: "The Village has no geographical delineation; it is a state of mind"; to "the Balkans"; to curtained "Spain," to "France" and "Germany," and on—until we reach "Africa," the colour-problem of the United States—"all shades and sizes. . . . Only one drop of colored blood makes a white man a negro, but nine-tenths of white blood in a colored man do not make him a white man. It has been so decreed."

Finally, to Chinatown; for there are the real "thrills"—"featured" for the "rubber-neck" in many cases, but still "thrills."

"Chinatown in New York is . . . the central traffic-station of the underworld commerce of narcotics that goes on throughout the continent."

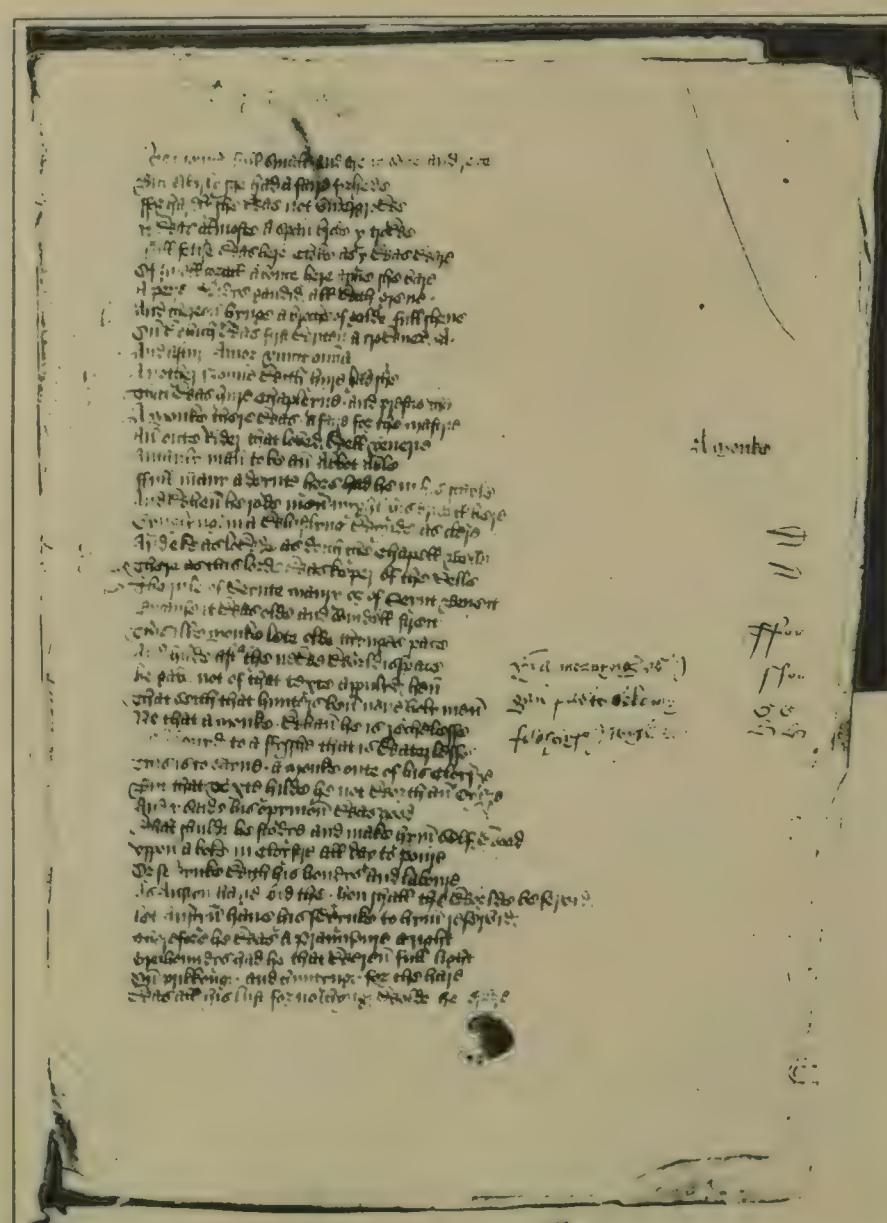
"When the tongs—those secret societies of the Chinese . . . are fighting, a few bullets are whistling past the narrow streets, and a man or two may be found lifeless in a hall-way, but the Chinese quarter remains outwardly the quietest in the city."

"Members of the different tongs play fan-tan together. . . . Playing fan-tan a man may lose his laundry establishment, for which he had worked twenty years, in a few hours, and depart outwardly as peacefully from the table as if the game had been one in which a toothpick was involved; for he has the hope of winning another laundry back very soon. As a matter of fact, Mc Tom explained to me that the Chinese laundries over the city are never sold by one Chinaman to another, but only lost at fan-tan."

Those are verities. There is another side. "There are numerous places especially conducted for the benefit of a sightseer. For a consideration, one is shown, in a room of a rear house, rows upon rows of beds on which lie the stupefied opium-smokers. But most of these men, and sometimes women, are hired by the hour to simulate conditions Mr. Poodle and Mrs. Grundy are going to denounce in their home town on their return from wicked New York. . . . Opium-smoking goes on, of course, but not where it is shown to sightseers."

Let Mr. Bercovici be your guide. You will not regret the choice.

E. H. G.



STOLEN AND MISSING FOR NINE YEARS, RECENTLY RECOVERED, AND SOON TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION: THE UNEDITED CARDIGAN "CHAUCER"—ONE OF THE 244 LEAVES OF A FAMOUS FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT WITH A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

The Cardigan "Chaucer," a folio MS. dating from about 1450 and comprising the "Canterbury Tales," to be sold at Sotheby's on April 7, is the most important Early English manuscript that has come up for auction for many years. It was in the library at Deene Park for many generations, but the late Lady Cardigan, widow of the famous Earl who fought at Balaclava, and herself author of surprising "Recollections," refused all requests to examine the MS. (even to such eminent scholars as Professor Skeat and Dr. R. Brudenell), and it is entirely unedited. It now belongs to Mr. G. L. T. Brudenell, who inherited the Cardigan estates. Early in the war the MS. suddenly disappeared, and the mystery remained unsolved for nine years, until a Scandinavian paper mentioned that it was in a college library near New York. It had been stolen from Deene Park, secretly sold in London, and resold to the college for, it is said, about £4000. On proofs being furnished the college at once handed it over, and it was recently brought back. The name of the thief is known to the owner, but there might be

difficulties in arresting him on the Continent.—[Photograph supplied by the "Times."]

"One would like to think of the Jewish quarter . . . as if it were Palestine. The Jews have independence and freedom as if they were in their ancestral homeland"; yet, as "there are as many different Jews as there are nationalities," it is impossible to regard them collectively. In New York they live in squalor and in luxury, in ignorance and in culture, foully and finely—according to upbringing, circumstances, and quality of brain. "A million and a half of Jews . . . most of them in one district."

Little Italy used to be unsafe and unsavoury. It is different now—and every barber is a singer of *canzonettas*, "each one a cousin of Caruso and a nephew of Verdi"! Mr. Bercovici writes: "If

## CHINESE BRONZES SOME 2000 YEARS OLD: A RARE DISCOVERY.

ARTICLE BY MR. ALBERT J. KOOP, B.A., ASSISTANT KEEPER IN THE DEPARTMENT OF METAL WORK, VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM; AUTHOR OF "EARLY CHINESE BRONZES"; HON. EDITOR OF "TRANSACTIONS OF THE JAPAN SOCIETY."



1. WITH SOLID LEGS AND DECORATED WITH DRAGON-FORMS IN LOW RELIEF, IN THE CH'IN STYLE: A TING, OR SACRIFICIAL CALDRON.



2. WITH LEGS HOLLOW TO FACILITATE RAPID COOKING: A LI, OR SACRIFICIAL CALDRON, WITH DRAGON-FORMS IN BOLD RELIEF.



3. WITH "THUNDER-PATTERN" IN THE CHOU STYLE BELOW, AND CH'IN ORNAMENT ABOVE: A P'OU, OR JAR FOR STORING WINE.



4. AN ANCIENT CHINESE BELL: AN EXAMPLE OF THE REGULAR CHUNG TYPE, WITH NORMAL FEATURES.



5. "THE PRINCE'S BRASIER": A VESSEL SO DESCRIBED IN THE CHINESE INSCRIPTION SHOWN UPON IT.



6. WITH UNUSUAL DRAGON FOOT AND HANDLES AND CRANE FINIAL ON THE COVER: A HU (SACRIFICIAL WINE-JAR).



7. DECORATED WITH CH'IN ORNAMENT: A CLAPPERLESS BELL, STRUCK WITH A MALLETS.



8. A SORT OF PORRIDGE DISH, WITH COVER REVERSIBLE TO FORM ANOTHER DISH: A FINE EXAMPLE OF A TUI.



9. IN THE FORM OF A TIGER, WITH CHAIN-SECURED LID IN THE BACK: A TSUN, OR SACRIFICIAL WINE-POURER.



10. WITH SPLENDID HAN ORNAMENT ON ITS REMOVABLE UPPER PART: AH SIEN (STEAMER FOR SACRIFICIAL HERBS).

*Continued.*

wine, the upper ornament is 'Ch'in,' but the lower is 'Chou,' *i.e.*, prominent strap-work designs on a ground of fine linear diaper in the form of angular scrolls, the so-called 'thunder-pattern.' The use of No. 5 is indicated by its inscription, which describes it as 'the Prince's brasier.' No. 6 is a *hu* or sacrificial wine-jar with 'Ch'in' ornament and some unusual features, such as the dragon foot and handles and the crane finial on the cover. No. 7 figures a well-marked variety of clapperless bell (struck with a mallet) decorated with 'Ch'in' ornament. No. 8 is a fine example of the *tui*, a vessel to hold cereals—a sort of porridge-dish. Its cover when reversed would serve as a dish. In

construction and ornamentation it displays the normal features, and the same may be said of the bell, No. 4, an example of the regular *chung* type. No. 9 is a *tsun* or sacrificial wine-pourer in the form of a 'tiger,' with chain-secured lid in the back. The only ornament comprises the bands of conventional pattern on shoulders and hips and above the eyes, and the crest on the head, reminiscent of the vertical ridges which strengthen the sides of certain vessels in the 'Chou' and less commonly the 'Han' styles (compare No. 2). No. 10 is a *hsien* or steamer for sacrificial herbs with splendid 'Han' ornament on its removable upper part."

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## TECHNIQUE AND TEMPERAMENT.—EURIPIDES' "HIPPOLYTUS."

THE experienced musical critic—Mr. W. J. Turner will confirm it—can at once fathom the gift of a musician—whether he be possessed of temperament or merely a virtuoso by technique. The voice, the bow, the touch of the piano are as sensitive detectors as the microphone. The dramatic critic's task is far more difficult. For in acting, technique may be obvious, but temperament is a manifestation that may be flaming from the first, or it may be latent, or yet (and that is often the case) it may rest enshrouded until, all of a sudden, it bursts forth as powerfully as unexpectedly.

It is sometimes a case of opportunity. Who, before she leapt into real fame in "The Vortex," would have guessed that our Lilian Braithwaite had hidden for many years an emotional power that raised her to the rank of the great actresses of our time? Who, to hark back for some years, was not taken by surprise, even though he was prepared for revelation, when Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," fired the audience to endless, vociferous enthusiasm? Both actresses—to name but them, although the list is long and interesting—had, until the crucial test, held their own by technical excellence; but their temperament remained an inestimable power until, as it were, the character that appealed to them in its every *nuance* propelled it spontaneously and with electrifying force.

But there is a kind of technique so minutely studied, so subtle and so deceptive, that even the most experienced playgoer is blinded and led to believe in a hidden temperamental power which is held under for a while in order to surge fiercely sky-high. Yet expectation, eagerly awaiting the upheaval, remains on tenterhooks and is never satisfied. The lurking power actually was not there—it was a *fata morgana*—something foreshadowed that actually had no existence. Mr. Barrymore's Hamlet is a case in point—and, again, it is one of many. In the first part of the play he was so human, so reined-in, as if wild horses were held in check, that I anticipated a great development.

As the many Hamlets I have seen passed quickly through my mind, I thought, "He is likely to rank with the master-players—Ivory, Forbes-Robertson, the Austrian Kainz."

Then, in the second part as performed at the Haymarket, say from the Players' Scene onward, I observed a kind of standstill. I waited for passionate outburst, for Hamlet's Promethean soul to break all bonds—in fine, for the tragedy. And it never came. There were moments of roused anger, raised voice, but they were more of petulance than of power. In speech, too, this Hamlet remained on the more prosy level: there was disregard of rhythm; the poetry lost its swing; winged words and lines (for which every Shakespeare lover waits in eagerness) fluttered past. It concerned me deeply. What is this, I wondered? It cannot be lack of perception; it cannot be failing to understand the character; for the first part would belie that. Had he continued *crescendo*, as he began, the climax might have been sublime. Then suddenly the truth dawned upon me. "Technique"—the carefully thought-out scheme of an accomplished actor who knows all there is to know of the craft of his calling—was the alpha and omega of his creation. He may have felt the inwardness of the character, but he could only convey it in his own intellectual way. His temperament did not allow him to sense, to realise, the immense wrath and vengefulness and awe and despair of Hamlet's martyred soul—a soul wailing in pain and fury and sterilised desire to love and be loved—in the great scene with his mother. The wail was merely vocal; it resounded no echo from within; he apparently felt nothing. It was not a defect of the actor as an actor, nor yet of the artist, that left us unmoved, unsatisfied;

it was the absence of a dower of nature that created the void. I have seen peasants in Continental villages play scenes from "Hamlet," and wiped away a tear. Their diction may have been faulty to a degree; they may, for aught I remember, have maltreated

the vibration of the voice, combined in creating an immense effect. We shared their joys and their sorrows; their passion and their vehement power of expression magnetised us, carried us away. For all we knew, these peasants had never learned the rudiments of histrionic art, could not have explained the why and wherefore of their doings. They were merely moved by the hidden force within—the inexplicable influence that renders the nightingale's song enchanting, and in children of tender age awakens the ear to music or the irresistible gift to play-act and beguile their mates.

I am all for technique as an educational basis. Temperament allied to the knowledge of the laws that establish principles of art undoubtedly leads to harmonious perfection. But, after all, technique is the craftsmanship of the builder; temperament is the inspiration that makes the architect. And I, for one, prefer the architect who could not lay a brick in regularity of line to the builder who, sure of his business, erects walls day in day out without any other emotion than the longing for the luncheon-bell.

To me, "Hippolytus"—this tragedy of the wanton immolation of a sinless son—is the mightiest poem of old Greece. And close to this indelible conviction when I saw the play in Greek in my earliest days, dwells the memory of Lewis Waller's great performance of Hippolytus—perhaps the finest achievement in his record. Nicholas Hannen endows the part with all the fervour of his temperament and the sculptural mould of his frame, yet somehow I found him maturer than Lewis Waller, who for once successfully cheated his forties when he played it. Nicholas Hannen delivered the lines with impassioned feeling; he came like a whirlwind; he was an inspiring force. Only once did he not reach the fulness of the tragedy. That was at his stepmother's bier, when the magnificent, monumental Theseus of Eugene Leahy—a statue of the Parthenon fanned into life—seared, flayed, demolished him with the scourge of imprecation. Maybe Mr. Hannen desired to indicate benumbment in blank astonishment and temporary vacuity of his reasoning faculties. But the spectator hardly realised it. To him he was impassive—he seemed scarcely overwhelmed by the idle accusation of turpitude. Later his feelings deepened again. His death scene was pathetic and moving. With a laurel in his wreath.

Miss Sybil Thorndike, as Phaedra, grappled with the part of unceasing woe and wail and weeping with all her power of vocal inflection. She had moments when her splendid diction penetrated the veil of tears. But the part remains ungrateful to the artist. Its inwardness is literally drowned by its lachrymose manifestation of grief. It makes superhuman demands on the clavier of the interpreter and, incidentally, on the patience of the hearer. Miss Beatrice Smith as the tender yet imperious Nurse declaimed her lines in what at the Comédie Française they used to call the "grand style." I can hardly recall such prominence of a secondary part since the days when Gertrude Scott (Mrs. Norman McKinnel) impressed us as a potential tragédienne. Alas—for ourselves—that she preferred domesticity to the footlights! Mr. Lewis Casson—ever on the side of modesty—was content, too, with a minor part. Still, he elevated it; his announcement of Hippolytus's fatal ride and fall—delivered in breathless gallop, yet every word in perfect coinage—carried us with him. To him also is due the credit of the production, worthy of the

verse; but the utterance of their soul and heart spoke to hearers and fanned the emotional fire within them in response. We all remember the



THE SINGING SIDE OF THE GAIETY'S NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "KATJA THE DANCER": MISS LILIAN DAVIES AS KATJA KARINA, AND MR. GREGORY STROUD AS PRINCE CARL.

The excellent singing and acting of Miss Lilian Davies and Mr. Gregory Stroud contribute much to the success of the new musical comedy at the Gaiety. M. Jean Gilbert's music is above the average, and there are admirable lyrics by Mr. Harry Graham. [Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



"A NEW COMEDIAN OF GENIUS": MR. GENE GERRARD AS LEANDER BILLOROFF, HANDCUFFED TO MISS IVY TRESMAD AS PATRICIA, IN "KATJA THE DANCER," AT THE GAIETY.

Mr. Gene Gerrard has secured a remarkable triumph in the character of a love-sick secretary, in "Katja the Dancer." His humour is the making of the piece, and he has been described as "a new comedian of genius." Miss Ivy Tresmad is also very successful in comic scenes with him, and her dancing is as delightful as ever.

Sicilians—Grasso and his children of the soil. We did not understand a word of their parlance; I am told that what they uttered was often sheer balderdash formed and phrased on the spur of the moment; yet the fire in the eye, the eloquence of gesticulation,

great work; and he even succeeded in galvanising some of its spirit into the Chorus, which to me is the oldest form of what we nowadays are asked to call expressionist drama. The revival is an event, and its two repetitions will no doubt call for more.

## LIZZIE PROVES THAT POLAR BEARS CAN JUMP: A "ZOO" SURPRISE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U.



GREATLY CONCERNED AT LIZZIE'S PREDICAMENT IN THE DITCH BELOW THE MAPPIN TERRACES: SAM ON THE EDGE LOOKING DOWN AT HER.



THE SECOND "MRS. SAM" IN TROUBLE: LIZZIE (IN THE DITCH INTO WHICH SHE FELL WHILE TRYING TO JUMP ACROSS) TRYING TO REACH SAM ON THE EDGE ABOVE.



THE PENITENT: LIZZIE IN A PRAYERFUL ATTITUDE IN THE DEEP DITCH, WHERE SHE HAD TO REMAIN FOR SEVERAL DAYS SEPARATED FROM SAM AFTER HER ESCAPE.



AFTER LIZZIE'S ADVENTURE, THAT HAS LED TO NEW PRECAUTIONS FOR THE SAFETY OF VISITORS TO THE MAPPIN TERRACES: SAM LYING ON THE BRINK OF THE DITCH AND GIVING TONGUE.

It was formerly believed that Polar bears could not, or at least did not, jump, and there was consequently much surprise at the "Zoo" when Lizzie—the young wife of Sam, in succession to the deceased Barbara—attempted the other day to leap across the boundary ditch on the Mappin Terraces. This ditch is 11 ft. deep by 12 ft. wide where the largest bears are, and 10 ft. wide at other parts. Lizzie, unfortunately for herself, but fortunately perhaps for visitors to the

Gardens, failed to negotiate the jump, and fell into the pit. She was not hurt, but she had to remain a prisoner there for several days, much to her own and Sam's perturbation. As a fresh precaution, it has since been decided to fix a line of spikes under the coping of the visitors' terrace on the outer side of the ditch. A similar incident occurred recently in the Melbourne "Zoo," where a male Polar bear leaped a ditch 7 ft. wide and 10 ft. deep.

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE King and Queen will, everyone hopes, have a delightful cruise. The *Victoria and Albert* is built for comfort, but not for rough waters, so their Majesties will avoid the boisterous Bay. The Queen is not a sufferer from *mal-de-mer* in the usual acceptance



A fashionable three-piece suit expressed in navy and oatmeal cloth, resembling kasha. The coat is reversible, and the "chic" little hat is expressed in manilla straw trimmed with ottoman silk quills. They hail from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. (See page 404.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.

of that term, but does have sick headaches if the weather is bad and she is confined below. By the time a start is made the weather will, we hope, have less reason to be ashamed of itself and will treat royalty royally. There must be sunshine somewhere; we know of it only by hearsay. A friend who went some few weeks ago to the Riviera in search of it for one fortnight, and out of it had five consecutive days uncompromisingly wet, smiles a little grimly now when he hears of bright, warm days on the Azure Coast.

Thinking people will be truly glad that the King is to have a real holiday—a very rare treat for his Majesty. It is difficult for anyone to realise how onerous and continuous his work is. Every day, wherever he may be, messengers arrive usually twice, always once, with piles of correspondence which his Majesty has to go through and documents which he has to sign. How monotonous this is, day in day out for years, it is impossible to realise, for it falls to no one else in quite the same way. Our King is a worker, and most conscientious and particular in everything he does. No doubt he was run down when influenza attacked him, and because of that the bronchial tubes, always sensitive with King George, were severely affected. All his subjects throughout the Empire wish him a complete recovery.

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain's last afternoon "at home" before starting on her voyage to the Holy Land was a very enjoyable one. It was one of those vile days to which we have become sadly accustomed. In the pretty, softly lighted, pale-green flat were flowers of the prettiest and most promising for spring. Mrs. Chamberlain, a charming hostess, was in soft red. The handsome Spanish Ambassador was having a long talk with the Vicomtesse de la Panouse in her own beautiful language. Her daughter is, at Princess Alice Countess of Athlone's special request, prolonging her stay in South Africa. She is a charming girl, Mlle. Françoise de la Panouse, and was at the same school in Paris with Lady May Cambridge, so they are good pals, as girls have it nowadays as well as boys. The

Countess of Birkenhead came in with that tall, dark, good-looking youth, Prince George of Russia, who was talking to Susan Duchess of Somerset and others of the guests. The Marchioness of Crewe was there early, in pale-fawn colour with broad panels of nutria fur, and wearing a dark-brown hat. The Marchioness Curzon also looked in, very handsome and jolly. The Countess of Harrowby met many friends, as did the Countesses of Hardwicke and of Portsmouth. Lady Kingsley Wood was in brown satin broché and brown fur. Lady Dawson of Penn, with one of her daughters, was there, both in brown. The Japanese Ambassador, with the most perfect manners, was there, and the German Ambassador and Mme. Sthamer, the Polish Minister, and other well-known diplomatists.

Guests arriving half an hour before the time of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bower at the Oratory, Brompton, were met by closed doors on a day of pitiless rain and freezing wind. Mr. Edward Radcliffe, the bride's brother, finally succeeded in



This attractive tunic is expressed in cherry georgette collar with fur, and may be seen in the salons of Dickens and Jones, Regent Street, W. (See page 404.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.

getting a side door opened and securing shelter and warmth for his parents' guests. The bride, a very handsome girl, looked well in her simple white satin dress and tulle veil, the gown having a deep crystal fringe; and the three bridesmaids, pretty girls all in white, themselves looked like brides. The wee boy who acted as train-bearer did his duty manfully. There was a guard of honour of the K.R.R., and the reception was quite a charming affair, and later the bride and the bridegroom left for the Continent in search of that sunshine which leaves us cold here.

There are many dances going on, mostly small private affairs which are thoroughly enjoyed. Girls and young married women want more dance dresses and are more particular about them than at any other time, and are consequently greatly interested in the early displays of fashion now upon us. "More on your arms and less on your legs" is the verdict of one smart young woman. Stockings are more ethereal than ever, and skirts approach ballet shortness, but long bare arms are not smart, and there is more cover for the back. There will be no more opportunity for playing the banjo up and down a partner's spine at a dance, for, if a dress be not high at the back, the spinal column is veiled, and well it should be, as in these days of slimness almost to attenuation it is not pretty.

Country balls seem to be particularly jolly. One has just been given by the followers of Major P. C. Dunlop's Beagles in Ayrshire. They were lucky in having so fine a setting as Hollybush House for the occasion. It was lent by its young chatelaine, Miss Winifred Laird, who received the guests with the Master, Major Dunlop. The hostess, who will be presented this season, was wearing pale pink georgette and pearls. The Marchioness of Ailsa was there, in pale grey and diamonds. Lady Glenarthur took a large party, and it was a really enjoyable affair. The Glasgow University Students' Amateur Orchestra played, and play they did to some purpose, for everyone who didn't dance wanted to. Guests were received in the large hall, which, like the ball-room and dining-room, was gay with spring flowers.

In all the improvements in London traffic it is much to be hoped that one in the stopping places of buses, and their remaining stationary until passengers get out and in, will be considered. Two elderly ladies in my own small circle have since Christmas suffered—one a broken wrist, the other wrenched sinews—by being thrown down, one while boarding a bus, the other while leaving one. The conductors say "Hurry on" or "Hurry off," and while the wretched passengers seek to obey the driver puts in his clutch, the bus jerks forward, and accidents happen. If anyone knows where buses are going to stop opposite Chancery Lane and some other places, they are unwontedly wise. Anyone with a sense of humour could get some fun out of seeing would-be passengers rushing up and down seeking where the bus will stop, and seldom finding.

Wherever people are assembled together there are cross-word puzzles being worried over. We may expect soon to see the cross-word look, and it is not a pretty one. There are some women who are as afraid of getting it as the hated "flu." Girls and young men go about preoccupied and doing all sorts of queer things because some part of a cross-word puzzle is in possession of a portion of their grey matter, and is as difficult to eject as a tenant under present circumstances. In a club the other day four women over coffee and cigarettes narrowly



A perfectly-cut coat for the spring built of fine tweed in blended shades of fawn. It is sponsored by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. (See page 404.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO.

escaped a breach of the peace over the solution of one of these puzzles. We owe a good deal to America, but if we owe them the cross-word puzzle, then we owe them no thanks.

-A. E. L.



The Oak Room, Malahide Castle, Co. Dublin.



A Chippendale "ribbon backed" parlour Chair.

These chairs are remarkable for their beautiful sweeping lines, the perfection of elegance and good taste. Chippendale was noted for such excellence of workmanship. He used only the most carefully selected mahogany, without inlay, the quality of his work depending entirely on the grace of design and shape.

## A Curious Form of Rent

ON 'knight's service'—an ancient and most honourable tenure which entailed the furnishing to the King's service for ever of an archer fully equipped with horse and mail—Chevalier Richard Talbot obtained the Malahide baronial estates from Henry II, when that monarch held court in Dublin over eight hundred and fifty years ago. From that time until the present day Malahide Castle, said to be the oldest inhabited castle in Ireland, has been occupied by the same family.

The building certainly presents a venerable appearance with its ivy-clad battlemented towers and stern grey walls. The pointed Gothic doorway gives entrance to an ancient stone-flagged hall with vaulted roof; thence a circular stone staircase leads to many an apartment of singular interest, chief of which perhaps is the Oak Room, panelled from floor to ceiling with black Irish oak most beautifully carved, ceiled with great oak beams and furnished with wonderful works of art. One may picture James II standing here, as he did after retiring from the Battle of the Boyne, and greeting Lady Talbot with the remark, "Well, Madam, your countrymen run well," to which the lady retorted: "Indeed, Sire; but I'm pleased to see your Majesty won the race."

Priceless in character and content, Malahide is one of the legacies from past ages worthy of universal admiration. So also in its way is John Haig Scotch Whisky. First distilled in 1627, this famous Whisky is now held in the highest esteem by connoisseurs the world over.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken  
John Haig?

## Fashions and Fancies.

### New Tunics and Jumpers.

The spring wardrobe must naturally include several jumpers and short coats, and this season another item has been added—the long tunic. Pictured on page 402 is a fashionable model from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W. It is in soft pleated georgette collared with fur, and reaches just below the knees. Another tunic is expressed in rich silver brocade and georgette, and can be obtained for 5½ guineas. Then a tailored silk and wool jumper of fine stockinet, like a man's singlet, boasting a high collar and a quaint embroidered animal on the pocket, is 59s. 6d., and others in heavy-weight crêpe-de-Chine, plain and plissé, are £6 6s. Useful coatees for all occasions are those in fancy wool and cotton fabric bound with braid. They are 29s. 6d. unlined, and 37s. 6d. lined, and are obtainable in many decorative colour schemes.

### Tailored Suits for the Spring.

The three-piece suit holds a foremost place in the season's fashions, and pictured on page 402 is a *chef-d'œuvre* which may be studied in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W. It is built in a material closely akin to kasha, and the coat is reversible. Another attractive model is carried out in grey fancy repp woven in stripes, while tunic suits of kasha, bound with military braid, are ideal for golf and country wear. Well-tailored coats and skirts, indispensable items of the spring wardrobe, can be obtained for 10½ guineas in plain and striped suitings; for 8½ guineas in repp, and for 98s. 6d. in tweeds, each available in the new shades of cinnamon and russet.

### Wrap Coats for Town and Country.

Simplicity allied to perfect tailoring are the salient features of the new spring wraps, and pictured on page 402 is a perfectly cut coat which must be placed to the credit of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. It is built of fine tweed lined throughout with crêpe-de-Chine, and is available in many soft shades. The price is 6½ guineas. There are others in the same depart-

ment costing only 98s. 6d., expressed in plaids and checks, and completed with the new tunic collar which is a close descendant of the once familiar "curate" style. Another useful model is a coat

frock which may be worn with equal success as a coat or frock. Made in crêpe repp, it crosses with deep revers, buttoning down the front from waist to hem, and is completed with two neat little pockets.

It may be secured for 8½ guineas.

### Liberty Frocks

Liberty silks and colourings are famous the world over, for 42s.

and it must be broadcast

everywhere that frocks from this firm (Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.) of printed crêpe-de-Chine in striking designs and shades can be obtained from £2 19s. 6d., and others in Tyrian silk, which washes and wears splendidly, from 69s. 6d. Then the frocks of Yoru crêpe, costing only 42s. each, are sound investments for all seasons of the year. Two of these models are pictured here. The one on the left is carried out in soft grass-green trimmed with printed Tyrian silk, and the second, in old-rose tints, is prettily embroidered with flax thread. A booklet illustrating these useful ready-to-wear frocks (available in three sizes) and containing patterns of the various colourings, will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

### Novelty of the Week.

Pure woollen coatees for the house, made in the becoming cross-over shape, with a low belt and long sleeves, can be obtained for the modest sum of 4s. knitted in effective multi-coloured stripes. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to state where this wonderful bargain may be obtained.

### A Vanity Bag Free.

A useful black silk bag for afternoon or evening, prettily ruched and lined with shot silk in effective colourings, is offered as a gift by the makers of Wright's Coal Tar Soap to every regular user of their well-known product. All that is necessary is to save the boxes in which the soap is purchased (price 1s. 6d. a box of three tablets), and also the printed wrappers enclosing the soap. When twenty boxes have been collected, the yellow oval picture of the soap on each one should be cut off and sent, together with the sixty printed wrappers, to "Handbags" Dept., Wright, Layman, and Umney, Ltd., Southwark, S.E.



Two pretty frocks of Yoru crêpe designed and carried out by Liberty's, Argyll Place, W. The one on the left is faced with printed Tyrian silk, and the other embroidered with flax thread in artistic colourings.

**A New Model**

**MOREEN**

Smart Hat giving patchwork effect made in three shades of good cord silk ribbon, with loops at sides, embroidered with metal stitching. A few of the combination colourings are: Gold, Cherry & Peacock, Fawn, Tan & Nut, Almond, Copper, Gold & Amethyst, Fuchsia & Black.

59/6

Ground Floor.

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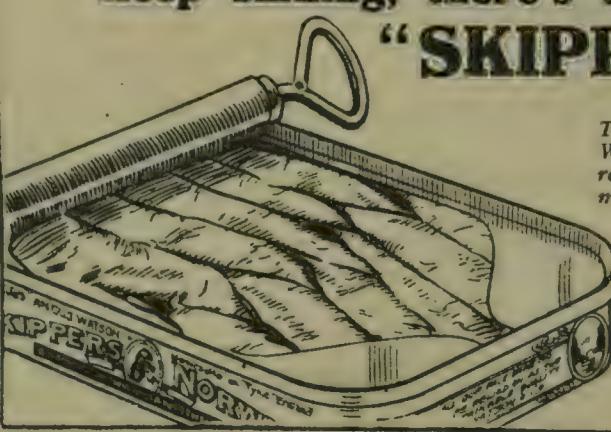
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The R.A.C.  
Headlight  
Demonstration.

Last week the R.A.C. organised a demonstration of anti-dazzle headlamps and devices for the benefit of officials from the Ministry of Transport and a number of the police authorities of the country. The demonstration was held in Richmond Park, on a particularly damp and murky night, albeit the conditions were excellent for the purpose of showing the degree of effectiveness of the various devices submitted. The affair left me rather cold, because, while it was perfectly possible to observe and note to what extent the lamp or fitting was effective in cutting down dazzle, it gave one no real idea of the extent to which a safe driving light was sacrificed to obtain the desired no-glare effect. It is perfectly easy to invent something which will minimise dazzle, but it is quite another matter to produce a device which will do that and at the same time allow enough light to be projected ahead of the car to make it safe to drive at a reasonable speed. I don't know how many such inventions I have tested, but they must be at least a score, and I cannot say I have come across anything in the shape of an auxiliary fitting to the lamp or lamp-bulb which I consider really meets the case.

The dipping headlight or the special lamp of the Moonbeam type does achieve its object; but such gadgets as shields fitted over the bulbs and that sort of thing are not, to my mind, practical, because of the amount of light they absorb. Many of the "fancy" lenses, such as we see employed on most American cars—in America they insist upon a standard of light allied to a minimum of glare—are effective up to a point; but they do cause dazzle. The State laws of America, however, mostly recognise that dazzle is inseparable from adequate light, and are content to insist upon something which approaches the happy medium. I am very much inclined to think that if our own authorities really contemplate legislative

action in the matter of glaring lights, they will do well to take some of the American regulations as their pattern, and not be persuaded to try limiting candle-power, or the adoption of any of the quasi-

scientific ideas that are so often formulated. It will be interesting to hear what were the official conclusions, if any, arrived at as a consequence of the demonstration of last week.

Police Cars and the Speed Limit.

I do a lot of driving in London, and have lately been keeping careful observation, so far as I can, upon the speed at which the Bean cars used in the Metropolitan Police Service are driven. Repeatedly I travelled along the Embankment behind one of these cars, which has been driven steadily at between twenty-five and thirty miles an hour. In no case have I found these cars travel at any less speed than the faster units of the traffic. I have no complaint to make about it—far from it—for I have never observed a police car which was being driven otherwise than safely, considerately, and well. But it seems to me that a law which is consistently broken by everybody, even including those who are entrusted with the task of enforcing it, must be bad, and due for amendment.

## A New Overland Car.

Sir William Letts, managing director of Messrs. Willys

Overland Crossley, Ltd., with his customary accurate analysis of the public's demand, has decided to embody a first-class English engine and gear-box unit in the well-known Overland de luxe car, and the new production is shortly forthcoming from the works of the company, at Heaton Chapel, near Manchester. The makers of the Overland, therefore, now achieve their ambition of making a British car which fulfils the popular demand of the motoring public. For some considerable time, the introduction of this model of the de luxe type has been in contemplation and progress. It brings the car within a medium tax rating, whilst the quality of the engine, which has been well proved, ensures a low petrol-consumption. Demand for economy is met not only in these two directions, for the medium tax carries

(Continued overleaf.)



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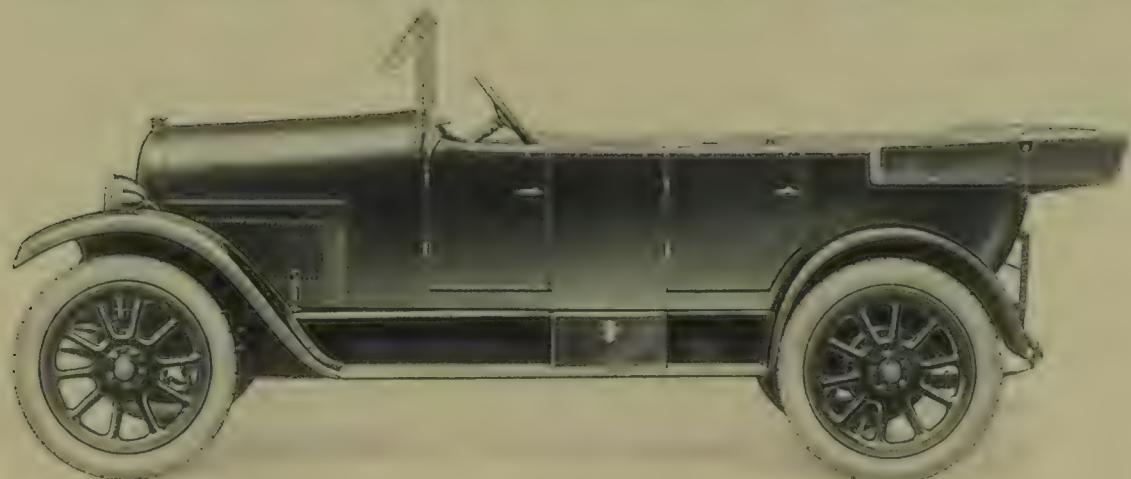
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with it a corresponding medium insurable premium. The outward appearance of the car resembles that of the present model de luxe, but the new car will be recognised by the script title "Overland 139" on the radiator.

As the chief departure concerns the power unit, a few words of description will be interesting. It

circulation of water through the existing cellular type of Overland radiator, which is of ample capacity to meet the biggest demands made upon it; and it is assisted by a three-blade fan made of cast aluminium; it is driven by a V-belt, the tension of which can easily be adjusted. Under strenuous tests the engine has given an excellent account of itself, and proved to have a reserve of power for the fullest demands made upon it. A speed of well over 50 m.p.h. has been obtained, while on second gear the car's speed will exceed 35 m.p.h., so that it is a fast climber, even on the occasions when it is necessary to come off top gear. Road-holding qualities of the car are particularly good, thanks to the well-known Triplex springing which is a feature of the Overland car. With this system the Triplex springs are anchored at the extreme ends of the car, thus extending, for a given wheel-base, the sprung length of the car. Balloon tyres, in conjunction with this feature, give extremely easy riding; while comfort in driving is further assured by provision for adjustment of clutch and brake pedals. The entire chassis is lubricated by grease.

W. W.

Novel-readers will find in "The Wolf Man (the Were Wolf)," by Alfred Machard (Thornton Butterworth; 7s. 6d. net.) a romance of the underworld of Paris, and the adventures of a hunted convict. When the police are after him, he explains the danger to his little son by telling him that it is "the wolf man" who threatens him. The father is a runaway from a penal settlement who has eluded discovery for so many years that in five days he will complete the period after which, in French law, an escaped prisoner is immune from recapture. Instead of lying low for those five days, however, he is taking a second wife, and on the wedding day the detectives get on his track. His eventual capture by the police leads up to an unexpected revelation regarding the original crime for which he had been sentenced, and this alters the whole situation. A swift succession of surprises holds the reader's interest.

THE CHAMPION MARE AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: MR. G. R. C. FOSTER'S ERFYL LADY GREY, WINNER OF THE GOLD CHALLENGE CUP.—[Photograph by W. A. Rouch.]

has four cylinders of 75 mm. bore and 102 mm. stroke, giving a total capacity of 1805 c.c. Cylinders and top half of the crank-case are cast in one piece, an arrangement which ensures perfect alignment. The head of the cylinder block is, of course, detachable. An interesting feature to note is that the crankshaft is offset. It has three bearings. Pistons and connecting rods are made of aluminium alloy. The gas mixture is supplied through a Zenith carburettor from a tank containing eight gallons of petrol. Ignition is by means of a Bosch magneto, which is driven by a cross-shaft, and is thus very accessible for cleaning and adjustment of the contact-breaker. The firing-point is controlled, like the throttle, from the steering wheel. Cleanliness of design and ease of access are notable features of the unit. Valves are on the left-hand side, and are operated by adjustable tappets. The cam-shaft is driven by helical timing-gears, which eliminate noise. Cooling is by thermo-syphon

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE EVOLUTION OF CHAMBER MUSIC.

ONE of the most interesting musical events of the past month has been the Léner Quartet's series of recitals showing the evolution of Chamber Music. In eight concerts at the Wigmore Hall this admirable quartet has ranged the whole history of modern chamber music, using the word "modern" as covering the period from the eighteenth century onwards. For the Léner Quartet began its series with what it termed a "Pre-Classical Recital," consisting of four quartets by J. Stamitz (1717-1757), Fr. Xavier Richter (1709-1789), G. Tartini (1692-1770), and Carl Ditters von Dittersdorf (1739-1799). It will be noticed that these are all eighteenth-century composers, and that two of them, Richter and von Dittersdorf, were contemporaries of Haydn and Mozart, von Dittersdorf actually outliving Mozart by eight years, although, of course, a considerably older man.

This gives us from a fresh point of view a realisation of the extraordinary genius of Mozart, who—in the



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WINNER OF THE KING'S CHAMPION CHALLENGE CUP AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW: SIR ARTHUR NICHOLSON'S STALLION, COWAGE CLANSMAN.—[Photograph by W. A. Rouch.]

Léner Quartet series occupied the whole of the third recital, the second being devoted to Haydn and Boccherini, both of whom outlived him. Stamitz, Richter, and von Dittersdorf were all members of

[Continued overleaf.]

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*Continued.*

what was called the Mannheim school, which was responsible in the early eighteenth century for a notable advance in chamber music. Stamitz was the founder of the school, and was made conductor of the Mannheim orchestra by the Elector Palatine in 1745. In Stamitz's compositions the classical sonata form is already completely developed. Thus we see that Haydn and Mozart, who are the great classical peaks in chamber music, did not rise suddenly out of the plain, but were prepared for by a number of foot-hills. In fact, the musical activity in Germany and Italy in the early eighteenth century was prodigious. Stamitz, Richter, and von Dittersdorf are only a few out of many able and distinguished composers—the most notable of all being probably Philip Emmanuel Bach (1714-1788), not on account of his creative power as a musician, but because he turned away from the contrapuntal methods of his father and was the real founder of the sonata form.

One has only to hear the compositions of Stamitz, Richter, von Dittersdorf, Tartini, and Boccherini to recognise the immense superiority of Haydn and Mozart to these composers. Boccherini's Quintet in E major is a charming composition, melodious, ingenious, but rambling and incoherent. It contains the well-known minuet, which in itself is a sufficient proof of Boccherini's melodic gift; but the quintet as a whole is much less effective than the minuet, which can be taken out of it without any loss to the composition generally. The two Haydn Quartets (Op. 76, Nos. 2 and 5) which the Léner Quintet played are, of course, late works written under the influence of Mozart. They are extraordinarily fine. They have a conciseness, an intellectual structure, and a vigour of expression in striking contrast to the meandering tunefulness of Boccherini. One cannot imagine these works ever falling out of the repertory of the string quartet. The Mozart selection at the third concert consisted of two Quartets in D major (Ed Peters XVIII. and XXI.), and the famous late Clarinet Quintet, written for the Abbé Stadler. It is but rarely that one has the opportunity of hearing this wonderful quintet, which is surely one of the divinest works ever created by man. It was most beautifully played. Mr. Draper, who played the clarinet, began by being a little too overpowering in tone for the strings, but in the succeeding three movements he modelled his tone to perfection into the general ensemble, and the result was a memorable performance.

I hope the Columbia Company, which is giving us a number of excellent Léner Quartet records, will not delay in recording this Mozart Clarinet Quintet complete with Mr. Draper and the Léner Quartet. It will

have a steady sale, and it ought to record exceptionally well. The Columbia Company has recently added three new complete Quartets to its repertory. These are the Beethoven C sharp minor, the Mozart C major, and the Haydn D major, all played by the Léner String Quartet. The C sharp minor was the quartet chosen to represent Beethoven's third period at the fourth recital. Both this and the fifth recital were devoted to Beethoven, the programme of the fourth consisting of an early, middle, and late quartet, while the fifth consisted of three Rasumoffsky quartets (Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Opus 59). Mr. Corder has written an admirable passage on the Beethoven quartets which, though well known to musicians, is not widely known among the general public. He says—

"Later we find that we are no longer listening to four voices disposed so as to sound together harmoniously, but that we are being shown the outline, the faint pencil sketch, of works for whose actual presentation the most perfect earthly orchestra would be too intolerably coarse. The posthumous quartets are hardly to be regarded as pieces written for violins, but we are forced to imagine that, in despair of finding colours delicate and true enough, the artist has preferred to leave his conceptions as charcoal sketches. This fancy is borne out when we note how large a compass the four parts are constantly made to cover, a space of nearly five octaves sometimes being dashed over, with little care for the inevitable poverty of tone produced."

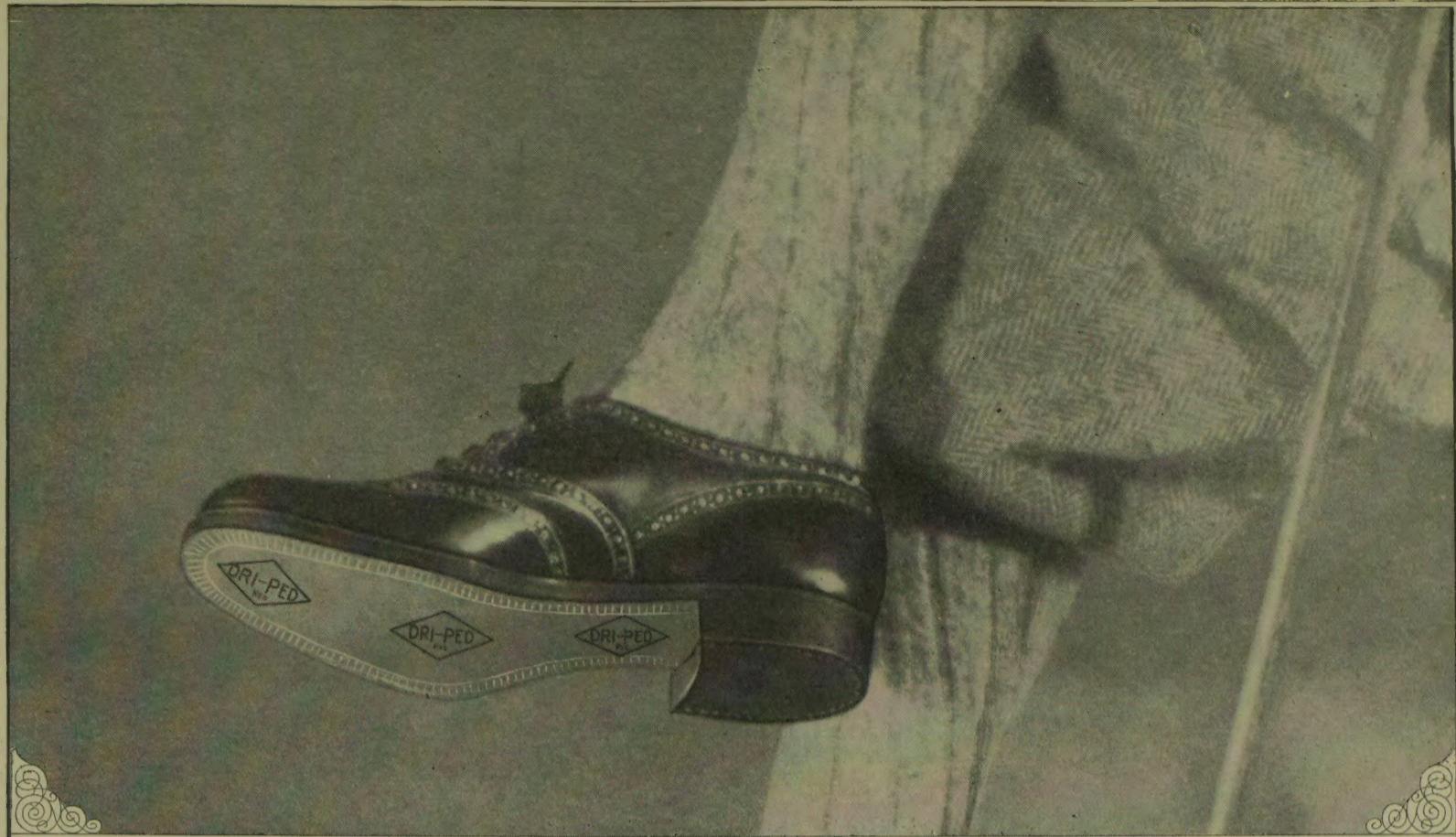
This could not be better put; but the musical amateur before the advent of the gramophone did not have the opportunity of hearing the Beethoven later quartets sufficiently often to study them properly. Now that the Columbia Company has made a beginning with the C sharp minor Quartet, we may look forward to having complete gramophone records of all the five quartets from Opus 127 to Opus 135. When we have these we shall be able for the first time to give the Beethoven quartets the study they demand, and we shall find that the more familiar we become with them the more beauty we shall see in them. A reaction in favour of Beethoven is long overdue, and the greater accessibility of this his finest and most characteristic music will help it along.

After the two Beethoven recitals came what the Léner Quartet termed a "Romantic Recital," which included Schubert's Quartet in D Minor, Op. posth., Tchaikovsky's Quartet in D major, Op. 11, and Schumann's Quartet in A major. The term "romantic" can only be somewhat loosely applied. Mr. Cecil Gray, in an interesting chapter in his book on contemporary music,

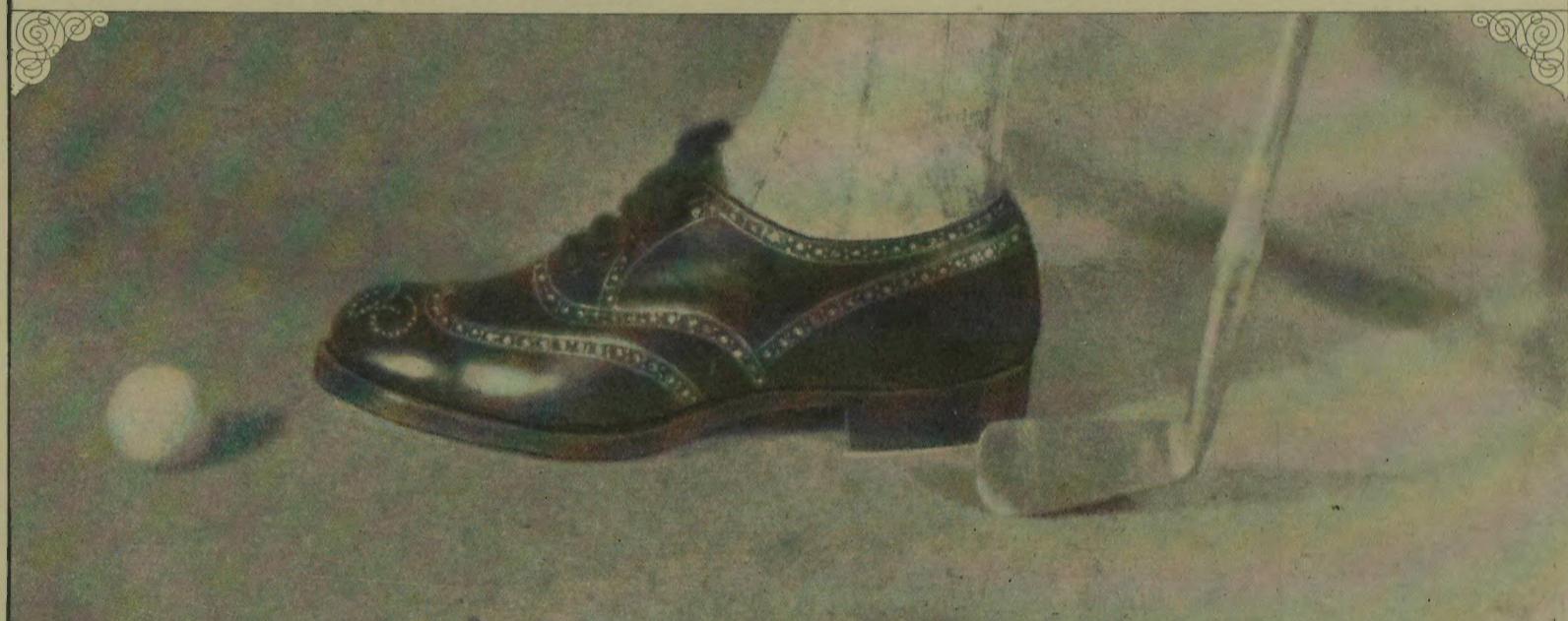
argues that music is essentially the romantic art: "It is a curious and arresting fact which is something more than a mere coincidence that the constantly recurring dominant motif of all romantic art, one of the distinctive signs by which we may at once recognise the romantic spirit wherever it may happen to be (whether it be the lamentation of the harper inscribed upon the tomb of King Entef five thousand years ago in Egypt, a Chinese lyric from the eighth century, or the 'Ballade des Dames du Temps Jadis' of François Villon)—namely, the sense of regret and melancholy for the impermanence of human things, of sorrow for the loveliness that was and is no longer—should be so often peculiarly associated with or evoked by some effect of music or of tone: the distant sound of a horn in the evening, of a woman's voice singing, the passionate ecstasy of the nightingale's lament, the music of a fountain, or the monotonous rhythm of the waves of the sea."

It is curious, however, that in the early eighteenth century music and in the quartets of Haydn there is none of this romantic quality. And Mozart's expressiveness is again something different. Even Beethoven is hardly romantic, in spite of the "Leonore" Overtures and the Eroica Symphony. All this music is full of human feeling, but there is absent an element of nostalgia which is essential to romantic art. This we get in Schubert, in his "Death and the Maiden" variations; in the sentimental *schwärmerei* of Schumann; and in the tortured, introspective melancholy of Tchaikovsky. Mr. Gray's thesis is that music can sustain an emotional intensity which no other art can support without becoming exaggerated or hysterical—"literary faults are musical virtues"! The reason he gives is a plausible one: "In music there is no exaggeration, there can be no excess because there is no possible comparison with reality." This is very ingenious reasoning, but I suspect its truth. Is it true that in music there is no exaggeration? Do we not find fault with Tchaikovsky precisely on account of the exaggeration, the hysteria of much of his music? Perhaps we are wrong in doing so, as it may be argued that those critics are wrong who think Dickens is spoilt by his exaggerations. The point is, however, that we are just as conscious of exaggeration and hysteria when we meet it in music as we are in literature. Perhaps it is a question of degree only. Perhaps the limit is reached more quickly in literature than in music; but that there is a limit in music also to the tolerableness of excess there can be no doubt. But chamber music is freer from excess of it than any other form of music. So that even romantic string quartets can be musical classics.—W. J. TURNER.





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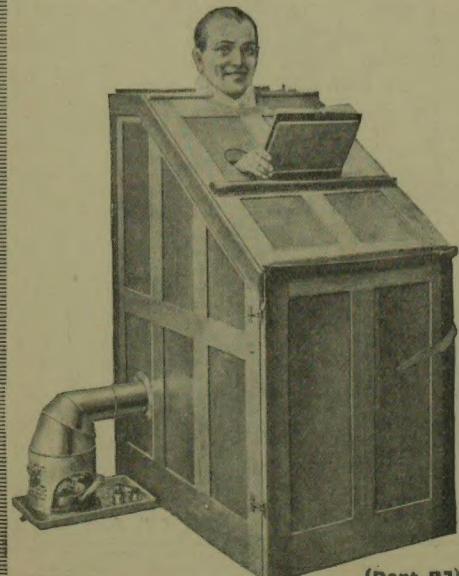
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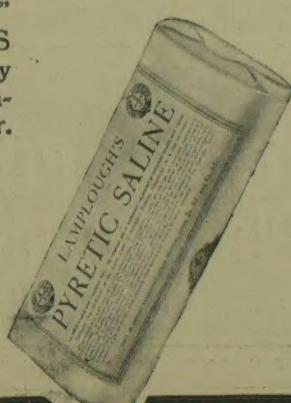
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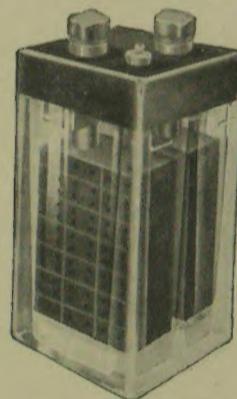
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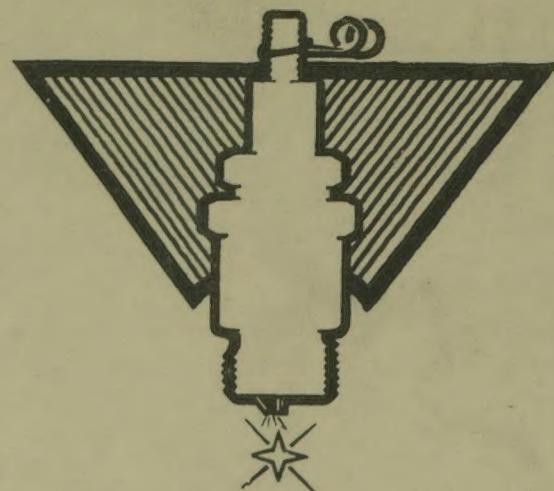
Mentone. HOTEL D'ORIENT  
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Well-known first-class English Family Hotel.  
One of Mentone's finest. Central, in large, quiet  
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Suites (all self-contained). Motor Car.  
Renowned Cuisine and Attendance. Restaurant.

**HIMROD'S**  
ASTHMA  
CURE  
FAAMED FOR OVER  
50 YEARS  
1/- a tin at all chemists.

**Oakey's "WELLINGTON"**  
Knife Polish

The Original Preparation for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery  
and all Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper articles. Sold in Canisters  
at 3d., 6d., & 1/-, by Grocers, Ironmongers, Olimen &c.  
Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, London, S.E. 1.



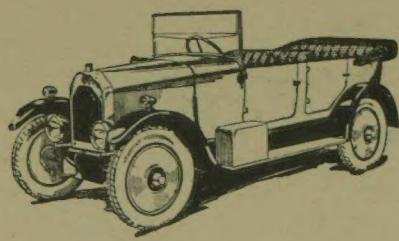
## CLEAN SPARKING PLUGS

The points of a sparking plug should always be maintained at their original setting, which is about a fiftieth of an inch apart. Too wide or too small a gap causes misfiring and difficulty in starting. Faulty adjustment of plug points is often caused by excessive carbon deposit resulting from the use of poor quality fuel. With "BP," the British Petrol, plugs work under ideal conditions. The high volatility and uniform quality of "BP" provide a clean, quick-burning fuel that means most power with least carbon deposit.

# "BP"

*The British Petrol*

British Petroleum Co. Ltd. Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2  
Distributing Organization of the  
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# SWIFT

ALL-BRITISH CARS

are ideal for the family use because they are entirely reliable and very economical to run. Of exceptional efficiency, their cost of upkeep has been reduced to the absolute minimum. Swift finish is equal to that of much more costly cars.

**PRICES:**

10-h.p. Full 4-Seater ..	<b>£235</b>
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10-h.p. 4/5 Coupe Cabriolet ..	<b>£275</b>
12-h.p. 4-Seater ..	<b>£375</b>
12-h.p. 2/3-Seater ..	<b>£375</b>
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12-h.p. 4-Door Saloon ..	<b>£550</b>

Write for our Art Catalogue and name of nearest Agent.

Manufacturers:

SWIFT OF COVENTRY, LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms, Repairs and Service Depot: 134/5, Long Acre, W.C.2. (One minute from Leicester Square Tube Station.)

## LLOYD'S IN TUBES. THE ORIGINAL EUXESIS

FOR EASY SHAVING. Without the use of Soap, Water or Brush. Put a Tube in your Kit Bag.

The Label of the ORIGINAL and GENUINE Euxesis is printed with Black Ink ONLY on a Yellow Ground, and bears this TRADE MARK

We bought the business with the recipe, trade mark, and goodwill from the Executrix of the late A. S. Lloyd. The genuine is now manufactured ONLY at our Factory.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers, &c.

Wholesale only: R. HOVENDEN & SONS, LTD., Berners Street, W., and City Road, F.C.



Trial Phial 8d. Post Free

THE ONE SAFE REMEDY

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Medical Guaranty with each bottle. Chemists and Stores Price 4d. 5, Great Queen Street, London W.C.2

# Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

## NEW HATS for PRESENT WEAR

Millinery Dept., Ground Floor.



VERY SOFT SATIN TOQUE, embroidered Gold thread, in an attractive design. In Black and two shades of Brown. Special Price **35/9**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.



## GREEN'S World-Renowned LAWN MOWERS and ROLLERS

SINCE 1835, Green's have been the pioneers of all that is best in Lawn Mowers, Rollers, etc. The 'Silens Messor' is very light running, practically noiseless, and gives a fine, even surface. We supply Hand Rollers, with machine-turned rolling surface, for Bowling Greens and Hard Tennis Courts.

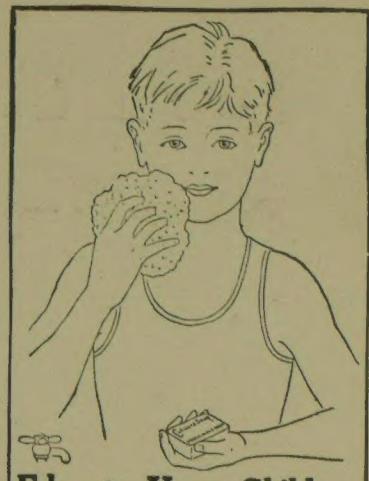
Several new features have this year been introduced. Note particularly the MODEL DE LUXE 'SILENS MESSOR' Hand Lawn Mower, fitted with Ball Bearings, etc.

THOS. GREEN & SON, LTD., Smithfield Ironworks, LEEDS. And New Surrey Works, Southwark St., LONDON, S.E.1



By Appointment  
to H.M. the King.

Obtainable from  
Ironmongers, Stores, etc.  
Write for free Illustrated  
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## Educate Your Children To Use Cuticura Soap

There is nothing better than Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required, to keep the pores active, the skin clear and free from eruptions, and the scalp in a healthy hair-growing condition.

Soap is, Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, E.C.1. Cuticura Products Are Reliable.



## France's choice for English Kings

To have been the only Port on the wine list when in 1903 the President of France entertained King Edward and again in 1914 and 1918, when the guest was His Majesty King George is the very well merited distinction of Commandador.

For this famous old Port is the almost invariable choice of the man who knows how light, how delicate and of what exquisite bouquet and flavour a really good Tawny Port can be.

You can obtain this famous old wine from any wine merchant at 108/- a dozen.

## Commandador Port

MATURED IN  
WOOD FOR  
MANY YEARS.

Obtainable from all wine merchants. In case of difficulty, please communicate with the Sole Agents below, giving the name of your usual wine merchant.

Shipped by Feuerheerd, Oporto. Sole Agents and Consignees, John Allin & Co., Ltd., 6, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

## RAPALLO (Italian Riviera), near Genoa. EXCELSIOR & NEW CASINO HOTEL

First Class—230 Beds and Baths—Ideal Winter Resort  
— Bathing Season — Tennis — Concerts — Dancing.  
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

## ROME PALACE HOTEL (Ludovisi Quarter). Via V. VENETO.

LUXURY & COMFORT.  
Summer Season—Fiuggi—Palazzo Della Fonte—  
Grand Hotel.

A. DELLA CASA.

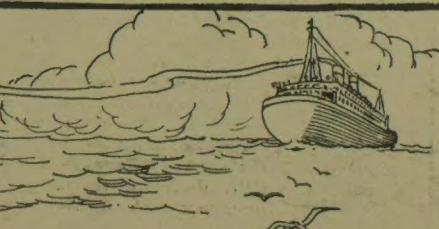


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MONTREAL, CANADA  
LARGEST INDEPENDENT TOBACCO  
MANUFACTURERS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

# British Consols Cigarettes

Mild, Sweet Old Virginia

You can get British Consols on any Liner of C.P.R.—ANCHOR DONALDSON—CANADIAN G.M.M.—WHITE STAR—DOMINION



# GOOD NEWS FOR THE 'SHINGLED' AND 'UNSHINGLED'! AND WEAK-HAIRED MEN TOO.

Sensational Result of "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free Gifts Campaign.

THOUSANDS DAILY RUSH TO SECURE FREE "HAIR-HEALTH" PARCELS.

SEND FOR YOUR FOUR-FOLD "HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" OUTFIT TO-DAY.

THE enormous enthusiasm aroused by the Great "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Gifts Campaign to allow women to "dress their hair as they please" remains unabated.

Thousands of women—and men, too—are daily writing for the 4-fold Hair Beauty Gift Parcels so freely offered to all.

Ladies, whether shingled, bobbed or unbobbed, are amazed and delighted to find that, commencing with their free supplies of the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" preparations, their hair quickly takes on a healthier, brighter look and is marvellously improved when finally dressed.

Men, as well, whose hair is beginning to show signs of "ageing" prematurely are greatly encouraged by the look of youthful smartness which the daily 2-minutes' "Hair-Drill" so rapidly produces.

## A FREE GIFT TO ADD TO YOUR FASCINATION AND CHARM.

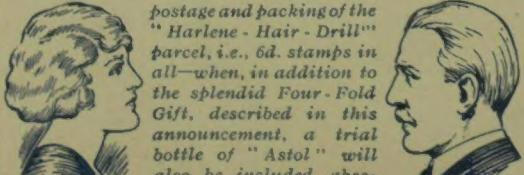
There is no need for anyone anywhere to wonder what the great "Harlene - Hair - Drill" secret of Hair Health and Beauty really is, for arrangements have already been made to meet the advance hair-fashion demands, and now no less than One Million 4-Fold Hair Beautifying and Hair-Growing Gift Parcels are planned for Free Distribution, and every reader—men as well as women—is invited to write for the special parcel of free preparations that awaits him or her.

Here is a brief description of the wonderful Hair Health and Beauty Gift Parcel that awaits you. Simply send your name and address and you will receive:

1. A special Trial Test Bottle of the world-famous "Harlene"—the one true, veritable elixir vita of the hair. This wonderful amber-gold liquid contains the very elements that represent hair strength and vitality. Gently massaged or "hair-drilled" into the hair-roots

## IMPORTANT TO THE GREY-HAIRED!

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its colour, you should try at once the wonderful new Liquid compound "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene - Hair - Drill" parcel, i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift, described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



All that scientific knowledge and practical experience in the study of the hair and its troubles can possibly give is contained in the "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Free Gift Parcel that awaits your acceptance. "Harlene" has stood the test of the best part of half a century, and is to-day, because of its unfailing success, more popular than ever. To PROVE its value you are invited to test it with other valuable "Hair-Drill" preparations FREE.

it feeds and nourishes each tiny shaft so that both men and women find their hair gaining an amazing and perfect health.

2. A supply of the delightful "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, itself a tonic to the hair. It gives a wonderful fragrant creamy lather which, when rinsed from the head, leaves the hair beautifully clean, fresh, and with a "snap" and brightness really splendid in its effect. "Cremex" prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment.

3. A Free Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of "dressiness" to the hair. "Uzon" is especially valuable to those whose hair and scalp are inclined to overdryness.

4. A Free Copy of Hair-Drill "Manual of Instructions" which contains so much valuable advice on the preservation and regaining of hair health in men, women and children.

From the very first day, as the wonderful "life elixir" of the hair—"Harlene"—is massaged into the scalp and hair roots so the hair begins to pick up new life and vitality and, as

your daily, enjoyable "Hair-Drill" is continued, so the most difficult hair troubles are conquered.

If your hair is now healthy this 4-Fold Gift will enable you to preserve and add to its health and beauty. If, however, you are troubled with

- Falling Hair, as shown by the tell-tale Brush and Comb.
- Powdery Scurf falling on Shoulders.
- Splitting Hair.
- Hair that is Dull, Heavy or Lifeless.
- The Commencement of Baldness at the Temples or in Patches on the Head.
- certainly you should send for this Free Gift at once.

## "HAIR-DRILL" FOR MEN.

The gift is open for men to freely accept as well as women. Every man knows that to keep a well-groomed, smart, "not-too-old-at-any-age" appearance, it is necessary to pay attention to the appearance of the hair. If you are in any way worried as to its condition, send for your special "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Parcel at once.

When, after the Free Gift, you have proved to your own complete satisfaction that "Harlene" does grow Hair and conquer hair troubles, then you can always obtain further supplies of these wonderful preparations from Chemists and Stores in any part of the world. "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle, "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets, 3d. each), and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle.

## "HAIR-DRILL" MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

The manufacture of all the "Hair-Drill" preparations has been carefully standardised, and supplies purchased at the shops are guaranteed to be of the same high standard of quality as those distributed in the Free Gift Parcel. If for any reason whatsoever any person is dissatisfied with the preparation purchased, or the results obtained from it, the full price will be refunded if application is made direct to the Head Office within one month of purchase. With this GUARANTEE you are fully protected.

## POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

Detach and Post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

I.L.News, 7/3/25.

### NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" Hair Colour Restorer will also be sent you.